

THE  
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY:  
OR,  
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

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CONTENTS

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FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

AN ESSAY ON CIVILIZATION.

*Scilicet omnibus est labor impendendus.....*  
VIRG. GEOR. ii. 61.

THE blessings of a civilized people may the better be realized, when contrasted with the condition of savages. Little attention to them presents us with a picture, which polished humanity blushes to own as a faithful representation of her natural brethren. Historic information must, however, constrain us to the belief of melancholy truths. Aided by this faithful guide, we are enabled to explore the regions of barbaric life, where thousands of our fellow-mortals lie immersed in more than Gothic darkness, ignorant not only of the great Author of their existence, and the design of their cre-

ation, but also of their own immortal powers, and even of the proper means of temporary subsistence. Possessed of no taste for literary pleasures, their happiness arises from present indulgences only, and in the gratification of those passions, whose control is virtue in the civilized man. If we follow the authentic historian into the wilds of Tartara, Greenland, and Arabia, we are shocked at the brutal baseness of the human race. There barbarism rears his deformed head : by his side is erected the standard of cruelty, around which the ferocious inhabitants together croud, and neither feel the necessity, nor know the joys of a glorious emancipation. That social principle in the human soul, which is the boasted distinction between us and the brutal world, seems here to have suffered a total extinction. — If they asso-



ciate, it is from motives, which actuate the timid flock, for mutual preservation only ; if they combine, like the combination of wolves, it is to ensure the destruction of some formidable traveller. A prey to all the dissocial affections, they live estranged from the delights of civil concord and domestic friendship. The endearing names of brother and of friend have no charms for the uncouth ear of a wandering Arab. He never, on a summer's morn, contemplated the beauties of a gay parterre ; nor did the variety of cultivated nature ever fill his mind with exalted ideas of her almighty architect.

Thus lamentable is the situation of the savage world ; and, to render them still more wretched in our view, we may imagine them wholly deprived of the light of the gospel, and utterly unconscious of futurity. Nurtured in the gross shackles of idolatry, habituated, from infancy, to the most obdurate cruelty, restrained by no dread of punishment, and actuated by no hope of reward, they exhibit a group of the most inhuman and detestable practices, that can result from the implacability and rage of ungoverned appetites.

The deference I owe to my readers, forbids a farther recital of the black detail. With pleasure I reverse the scene. How grateful the transition ! We have seen the barbaric multitude shrouded in the glooms of untaught nature and habitual darkness in lands, whose rough and horrid aspect intelligibly speaks the rudeness of their inhabitants. We

are now presented with a prospect, the brilliancy and extent of which at once excite the mingled emotions of rapture and astonishment. A prospect no less captivating, than that of the human race gradually advancing to that dignified rank in the scale of beings, to which their superiour endowments give them the fairest claim.

What elevated ideas of the human character must fill the speculative mind, when contemplating innumerable beings of the same order, whose various talents are happily subservient to the interests of the whole, drawn by the impulses of congenial affection into the bonds of society ! By such association, the unruly inclinations of some are suppressed, the powers of the more lethargic are stimulated to exertion, and the ambition of all is roused for the benefit of themselves and the community at large. In such a society, necessity, the great inventress of every art, is a perpetual spur to the curious and enterprising. Thence originate the principles of science. The ambition of man is, by no means, terminated in the invention merely ; but, restless and daring, it ceases not until the creature of his brain has risen to maturity.

In civilized life, therefore, are we to look for the enjoyments of refined science, and here only can we find a proficiency in useful knowledge. This single advantage, one would think, over the natives of inbred fury, must forever silence the objections to their civilization, which are raised by some, who suppose their



happiness already equivalent to that of those, whose breasts are enlightened with the rays of improved reason. Whence should arise that inextinguishable thirst for knowledge in the soul of man, if, from the gratification, we are not to derive the sublimest satisfaction? And can we experience more substantial joys, than in the indulgence of that noble propensity? Savage indeed, and beyond expression barbarous must be that man, who, situated on the beauteous mount of science, does not rejoice in his elevated station, and sensibly regret the fate of his bewildered brethren, who grope below in the vales of darkness and error.

(To be concluded in our next.)



TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

SIR,

I observe in the Monthly Anthology for March last a *proposal for a general name for the United States* by "a national man." So far coinciding with the views of that writer, and of the American Geographer, as to be desirous of *bringing the subject fairly before the public*, I beg you to preserve in your Magazine the ingenious speculation of Hon. W. Tudor, Esq. on this interesting topic.

ACONTEUS.

A PERIOD of twenty-three years has elapsed since the people of these United States seized upon the right; and after an eventful and glorious, belligerent contest established their claim to the

sovereignty of an independent nation; but they have never yet assumed an appropriate name to designate them as such, when singly, and personally applied. In this respect our country exhibits a singular exception to that of all others, who are in possession of supreme, political power.

The appellation of *United States* is merely descriptive of our national confederacy, and cannot attach to the individual citizens, who are the subjects of this Federal Government. Therefore, if an inhabitant of New-York was asked by a foreigner, to what country he belonged, his reply would be, that he was an American, and not, that he was a free denizen of the United States; because, that he might be, and yet be a Swede or a Scotchman. Besides, the term *American* is of indefinite extent, and indiscriminately includes all the native inhabitants of this immense continent, from Patagonia to Baffin's Bay; and from the Carribean Archipelago in the Atlantic, to the shores of California, on the North Pacific ocean. The Mus-tee and Creole of Cuba, or Barbadoes; the tawny savage of the Oronoque, as well as his fiercer brother of Lake Superior, are all *Americans*, as truly, as the wealthy native of Maryland, or the sober citizen of Philadelphia. At least, so are they considered on the continent of Europe. And hence it was, that in the years 1775 and 1776, the French, for want of a national, discriminate mark, called all the inhabitants belonging to the then thirteen revolted colonies, by the general name of



*Bostonians.* They could not designate them as English; Scotch, or Irishmen, for we were at open, determined war with Great-Britain; and with her government, had indignantly shaken off the name of Britons; and they were aware of the impropriety, if not absurdity, of calling them Americans, because that was confounding a brave, intelligent, and free people, occupying a distinct territory, with every species of inhabitants which the new world had bred. Little acquainted as they then were with this country, and finding that the most firm, systematic hostility to all the plans of the British cabinet, originated in, and were strenuously and steadily pursued by the inhabitants of Boston, who defied, and first met the vengeance of a mighty nation, directed by an irritated and most willing sovereign, perhaps the adoption and appropriation of that term, for a short period, was not amiss. But it ought to have taught us, that with our change of civil dominion, it had become necessary and proper to vary our national name, or rather to adopt a distinct and definite one.

To denominate ourselves *Americans* instead of Englishmen, was as incorrect as it would be for the individuals who now compose the French Republic, to relinquish the name of Frenchmen, and call themselves *Europeans*. The latter marks them as inhabitants of a principal section of the globe, but certainly involves in it nothing descriptive of the nation they compose.

To illustrate this position a little farther, permit me to de-

tail a short conversation. I was once asked by a gentleman at Paris, what countryman I was. I answered, that I was an American. "Born in Mexico, perhaps, Sir?" No; I am not a Mexican. "You are perhaps from Canada?" No; for then I should have declared myself a Canadian. "But suppose you had been born in the island of St. Croix, or Trinidad, what would you have called yourself then?" In the first case a Dane, in the other a Spaniard. "And why do you call yourself now an American?" Because my countrymen, who are the citizens of the United States, have chosen to be so designated. "Well, my good friend, I had the fortune to be born on the banks of the Gambia, where my father was then settled as a factor, with his family, and yet I should scarcely thank any person, who should think proper, on that account, to represent me as an *African*."

Should it be alleged, that when we adopted the term AMERICANS, it was intended as an emphatic and exclusive appropriation, specially applicable to the citizens and people of the United States; the answer is, that such a gentilitious assumption is too general; and to render it sufficiently discriminate, it would be indispensably necessary for the rest of the world to agree in naming anew the heterogeneous millions who inhabit the two vast peninsulas of North and South America, together with all the numerous islands, which are appendant to them.

In our intercourse with foreign



countries, it is not barely a cause of inconvenience and confusion ; but in some parts of Europe, even a stigma is affixed to our strangely merging our specific, national character in a name designatory of all the natives of the most extended quarter of the earth ; or more properly, being destitute of any name. And does not sound policy dictate the prudence of a measure, which should unite all the provincial distinctions of Vermontese and Georgians, Carolinians and New-Englandmen, Virginians and Pennsylvanians, in one general, aggregate, national title : to be adopted by the legislature of the United States, and formally declared as the name and peculiar description of all the free citizens of our national confederacy.

It has been a prevailing sentiment for ages, that great injustice was done to the intrepid talents of that immortal navigator, *Columbus*, in permitting an inferiour adventurer to deprive him of the honour of giving name, as he had birth, to half the globe. But the Florentine explorer of the southern continent, *Americus Vesputius*, with all his address, might not have succeeded, had not his christian name easily admitted a termination similar to that of two other quarters of the earth, and furnished a corresponding sound with that of the opposite continent of Africa.

With a view of rendering a partial retribution to the memory of the illustrious discoverer of the western world ; in some degree to vindicate public gratitude, as well as to assign a name

to the new nation, which our revolutionary war had created, reiterated, private attempts were made to denominate the extensive country which composes the dominions of the United States, *COLUMBIA* ; but hitherto without success. And the term *Columbians* seems confined to orators and poets, who retain it for the purpose of aiding a sonorous sentence, or rounding a musical period. So difficult is it to produce an alteration in any popular usage, which has obtained the sanction of time ; unless the amendment is justified by public authority, and becomes the language of the laws.

The philosophic historian of the two Indies, puzzled for a more suitable description, denotes us *Anglo-Americans*. An amphibolous compound, in the assumption of which, the Abbe Raynal has been followed by most of the foreign geographers. And it is not uncommon to find the inhabitants of the United States styled by British writers, *the ci-devant colonists* ; and sometimes the *people of the revolted colonies*. Nor ought we to complain at being subjected to such a mongrel description, so long as we continue unclassed among other nations, by the public neglect of granting to the people of the United States the right of assuming a specific name.

There is a pride of country inherent to the human character. A Swiss would resent being called a Neapolitan ; and so would a Creek Indian if mistaken for a Tuscarora. A national diversity marks the physical as well as geographical and political boun-



daries of different regions, in a barbarous, equally with a cultivated state of society. Hence a natural, if not strong reason, given by negroes for their dislike of mulattoes ; because, say the blacks, *Mulatto he no gotee no country.*

Aware how much easier it is to subvert than to supply, I would not wish to escape from the task of furnishing a name in some measure appropriate, if I durst hazard the ridicule that must attach to so presumptuous an attempt by an obscure individual. Permit me then, only to suggest, that the vast territory included within the limits of the United States, exhibits a scale of production on which nature has stamped her boldest features. Her lakes and mountains, forests and rivers, astonish, while they distinguish this from all other countries, and might justify a title of the proudest import. But the obstacles which present themselves against affixing an appellation, thus geographically descriptive, and at the same time applicable to the inhabitants, are various, if not insuperable ; whereas the recollection that the national district of COLUMBIA will very soon contain the capital of the empire, irresistably forces upon the mind a term which supersedes the difficulty ; has long been familiar to our ears, and would, therefore most probably, be cheerfully acquiesced in by a majority of the citizens of the United States ; and its adoption be speedily and effectually communicated to all foreign countries through the medium of the custom-house, by an

insertion in the register of every vessel, and other official fiscal certificates. Why *Columbian* is not equal, in sound and meaning, to that of *Hibernian* or *Caledonian*, is left to the discovery of those who prefer the terms *Scotch* and *Irish* only because they contain fewer syllables, and are best understood in vulgar parlance.

The ancient and modern history, both of civilized and barbarous nations, afford many examples of a whole people deriving a name from the metropolis of their respective countries ; and a few, adopting that of their particular founders or primary legislators ; but in neither do we find any nation, the citizens of the United States excepted, who were not distinguished by a peculiar appellation, differing from that of their government.

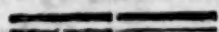
Although there may not at present be any grounds for apprehension that our inhabitants, like those of one of the states of Greece, may be subjected to a nick-name ; under which history has preserved their records, and which, even at this distant period continues proverbial ; yet it is not impossible, without some public provision against it, that they may be saddled with one, founded on accident, whim, caprice, resentment or ridicule, and which may obtain a foreign currency, from a concurrence of circumstances, in despite of every effort to control it.

The youth and fair fame of our nation, the comparative paucity of our population, the innovations, and reforms, which mark the present eventful æra, all conspire to facilitate the adoption



of a name suited to our circumstances as an independent people ; and which, there can be little doubt, that the rest of the world would acquiesce in, after the same shall have received a governmental sanction, and have been declared by the supreme authority of our country, as the name and designation, by which the free citizens of these United States, shall, forever thereafter, be known and called.

*December, 1799.*



#### THE PARENTS' FRIEND.

WINE should never be given to children. We injure them if we give them any gross food, which requires wine to digest it, nor do the blood and spirits need this foreign assistance whilst young. The blood is by nature sufficiently warmed, and the other spirits are best supported by temperance and a cheerful disposition. I therefore seriously recommend, that excepting children are unwell, they should for the first seven years taste no wine at all ; in the second septennary be vastly sparing, and in the third, fix a temperance built on the solid principles of reason and virtue ; such as will best secure to them health and happiness, for their whole lives. Children, after the first year, may wash down their victuals with light small-beer, and nothing beyond that for the first seven years. In the second and third septennary, the same rule, which has been laid down concerning wine, should be observed, in all strong malt

liquors ; they should be very sparingly used. Nothing is more dangerous than the indulgence of parents in this respect ; for besides the many ill effects already mentioned, it clouds the understanding, and renders young people unfit for study. Besides it gives them an early bloatedness, and greatly endangers the laying the foundation of a sot, for life ; or at least gives them such a hankering, as cannot but be a great impediment to their happiness.

Tea may be considered like some certain drugs, which, in skilful hands, are safe and useful, but in ignorant ones, poisonous. That the intemperate and indiscriminate use of it is hurtful, is too well known to be disputed : some, it is true, are manifestly refreshed, comforted, and enlivened by it, others feel not the least sensible effects from it, but drink it purely through custom ; but I believe the majority impair their health by this pernicious practice. Infants have nothing to do with this darling, deluding liquor ; and when at a more advanced age, parents should still give it their children very sparingly, if at all ; and be careful to keep them if possible, from ever being attached to it. Those children who have weak nerves, should not by any means drink tea at all. Tea should never be made strong, nor drunk in large quantities, nor hot, nor without milk, nor very sweet ; nor should it be drunk on a morning by those, who cannot eat with their breakfast. Milk and water, with bread or milk-porridge, or rice-milk, should be a child's constant



breakfast ; but this should be altered according to its habits of body. Thus, when a child is hot, dry and costive, parents should sometimes desist from the use of milk, and give it water-gruel, either with or without currants, or very small broth, or milk-porridge, which last is rendered opening by the oat-meal. So likewise, where their bowels are weak, and there is an habitual purging, the child should be kept more closely to milk, and have rice-milk, rice-gruel, or broth thickened with rice, or thick milk, or milk, or hasty pudding.

Lying on soft beds is undoubtedly wrong, as they absorb too much of the juices, enfeeble the frame, and have a remarkable tendency to give a pain or weakness in the small of the back. The mattress should therefore be put uppermost with a bolster only, and no pillow, for it is not good for children to have the head high ; let them lie on one side or the other, and not on the back ; and let them lie pretty straight in the bed, yet not fully stretched out, for that would impede the due action of the animal functions, and render sleep less profitable to them. The upper rooms of the house are the most healthy, and the curtains should never be drawn.—*Nelson*.

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#### BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

On a Translation of the New-Testament from the original Greek, by Nathaniel Scarlett, the London Reviewers thus remark :

THIS novel Translation of

the Testament attracted our notice ; but did not meet our approbation at first ; however, on reconsideration, we are convinced it is an improvement. A reader should consider who is the speaker ; to whom, and on what account he is spoken to. Care should also be taken to discern between a quotation introduced into a narrative, and the narrative itself : for instance, 1 Cor. xv. 32. " Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we are to die." An injudicious reader might take this for the words of the Apostle : whereas he is only quoting those of a libertine or epicure. Therefore, the names of the different speakers being annexed to their respective speeches, is a great assistant to common readers.

The injudicious division of the Testament, which is retained in the Common Translation, has been long complained of ; part of a subject being in one Chapter and part in another. Also the sub-divisions into verses, which disfigure the work, continually mar the sense, and destroy the emphasis. These are very properly amended in the present work, in which the divisions are judiciously made ; and a title also is placed over each division expressive of what Mr. S. conceived to be the leading feature of that section.

Many emendations in this Translation (as at Acts i. 24, 25. xiii. 21, 22. xiii. 48. 1 Cor. vii. 36—39. Heb. ix. 15—18.) consist not so much of whole passages as of single words ; yet they are of importance to those who desire to understand the scripture. A small alteration was



notice, which makes a material change in the meaning, Rom. vii. 1.

Common Translation :

The law hath dominion over a man as long as *he* liveth.

Scarlett's Translation :

The law hath dominion over a man as long as *it* liveth.

The argument introduced by the metaphor of the marriage-bond, verse 1—7. confirms the propriety of a translator inserting the supplement *it*, and not *he*.

A great redundancy in the language is here avoided, the phraseology made easy, and yet the sense is equally clear. For instance, at Matthew xii. 11.

Common Translation :

What man shall there be among you that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the Sabbath day—

Scarlett's Translation :

Which of you having a sheep fallen into a pit on the Sabbath—

With respect to the punctuation, we conceive much pains has been taken throughout the book.

Matth. xxvi. 45—47.

Common Translation :

Sleep on now and take your rest : behold the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, let us be going : behold he is at hand that doth betray me.

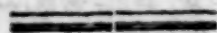
Scarlett's Translation :

Do ye sleep still, and take your rest ? Behold, the hour is near,

and the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of wicked *men*. Rise, let us be going : lo ! the traitor is at hand.

By the Common Translation our lord desires his disciples to *sleep on and take their rest* : yet at the same moment of time desires them to *rise and be going* : whereas he was now returning the third time, and finding them asleep, in a tone of astonishment (which also was a gentle rebuke) saith "Do ye sleep still, and take your rest ? Rise, let us be going : lo ! the traitor is at hand. And while he was yet speaking, lo ! Judas came, and with him a great multitude with swords and clubs."—

Much respect is due to the Translators of our common Translation : but as near 200 years hath elapsed, some words in that Translation are now become obsolete ; and the fund of biblical knowledge being now greatly increased, it is reasonable that Christians should avail themselves of every help to enable them to understand the will of God. In this point of view we consider the present work to be praise-worthy, and hope every exertion of so laudable an undertaking will meet with due encouragement.



TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

SIR,

The following remarks on friendship are from the pen of one of my relatives, who sometimes amuses himself with reading and abridging the works of old authors, and sometimes with expressing on paper his



own thoughts. If you think them worthy of a place in your publication, I think you may again hear from

BENEVOLUS.

#### ON FRIENDSHIP.

WHETHER the human heart is susceptible of friendship there is no doubt. Instances of this generous and noble principle are too numerous in both sacred and profane history to permit us to question its existence. It is yet a melancholy fact, that the term *friend* is often abused, and that many have made professions of friendship, who have never felt its impulse, nor fulfilled its duties. This remark will seem just, if I mention particular qualities, which are incompatible with friendship.

Of these selfishness is one. Some persons enter into friendship for sake of their own convenience only, and use their friends as the mere stepping stones to some envied pleasure or advantage. Such characters are well described by the son of Sirach. "Some man," says he, "is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of trouble.—Some friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thine affliction. In thy prosperity he will be as thyself, and will be bold over thy servants; but if thou be brought low, he will be against thee, and hide himself from thy face." A friend of this cast is unworthy of the name. His friendship is nothing more than a base traffick. Without question

we may have some regard to our own interest in the friendships we form. Total disinterestedness and absolute perfection in friendship, any more than in religion, is neither expected nor required in fallible man. But if our cold hearts do not love the persons we flatter; if wealth or fame be at the bottom of all our specious behaviour; and if we are not really concerned to promote the happiness of our friends, as well as our own, we no more know the nature and the joys of friendship, than we do the employments and felicity of heaven.

Pride also is inimical to friendship. When a man thinks himself better than all the world besides; or if he thinks himself only much better than he really is, it is wonderful if he can find a friend. The vanity of men in general is so great, that it is as much as ever a man can obtain the praise, which he may justly demand. But when he sues for an undue share of either applause or attention, he is sure to be hated. Besides, it is the nature of pride to oppress. The proud man is oppressive every where. At the table of conviviality, he is as apt to monopolize the highest seat and the best dishes, as to engross the first honours in the state, when engaged in political rivalries. In the neighbourhood of this oppression friendship cannot grow. The homage of the heart may be won, but not exacted. So delicate a plant as friendship will never be forced. It springs spontaneously in humble hearts; and "the poor in spirit" alone can successfully cultivate it.

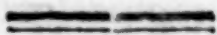
So neither does the indulgence



of anger consist with friendship. No trust may safely be placed in a man, who has not this passion under control. He may be very benevolent at certain times ; but in his peevish and angry fits he will say and do things, which admit of no remedy. Anger moreover, having long dwelt in the breast, becomes malice, which, like a canker worm eats up the blossoms and buds of friendship.

Friendship has another formidable enemy in imprudence. The softest and best qualities of the heart cannot counterbalance the evils, which arise from a defective judgment and an unbridled tongue. If we love a friend ever so much, and yet are careless of our own conduct towards him ; and if, having promised to keep his counsels, we inadvertently divulge them, how can we hope to be honoured with his future confidence ?

In a word, instability disqualifies for friendship. How is it possible that an affection of this nature can be possessed by a man, who changes with the wind, and whose purposes alter at the appearance of every new object, and vary with the variations of the times ? From such a changeable and volatile heart, friendship, taking to itself the wings of a dove, seeketh a place of greater rest : flies to a bosom unsullied by tumultuous passions and contradictory opinions, and where wisdom and calmness have taken up their abode. S.



## EDMORIN AND ELLA.

## AN EASTERN TALE.

WHILE India was yet an immeasurable forest, and her diamonds lay undisturbed in the mine by the drudgery of European avarice, a tribe of natives had fixed their residence on the side of the coast, where the trees agreeably admitted the summer breezes. Of these Edmorin was sovereign. Beyond a ridge of mountains extending to the south were situated another clan, with whom Edmorin and his people were at war. Edmorin, however, was the darling of his subjects, and beloved by all ; his humanity was unbounded, his knowledge uncommon, and his activity surprising. His arrows were often known to soar out of sight, even till they seemed to lodge in the bosom of the clouds ; his speed surpassed the rapidity of the rein-deer ; and the proportions of his person were exact and graceful as the growth of the cedar. His manners were as mild as the morning, and his charity warm as the noon of day. He governed his people with gentleness, and invented, upon plans of his own construction, new instruments for the use of war, and new sports and games for the entertainment and exercise of peace. With the bark of the fir, and the rind of the toughest trees, he formed a lighter shield ; and contrived to fix a flint with such dexterity in the sling, as enabled it to kill at the farthest mark.

Edmorin was enamoured of solitude : his mind, though nei-



ther polished by education, nor enlightened by experience, enjoyed a natural refinement, and a superiority to those of his subjects. He would sometimes delight to sequester himself in the deepest retirement of his bowers, and appear ingeniously desirous to explore the hidden mysteries of nature. At length, however, his spirits suddenly forsook him, and his mind became melancholy; his eyes, that had wont to be the sparkling intelligencers of the felicity of his soul, were clouded with care, and his brow contracted into gloomy wrinkles. He did not love solitude less than before, but he found that solitude had less charms to afford him; he often would cast his eyes around him, and ask himself in the moment of despondence, "wherefore he felt himself unquiet?" and sometimes, rebuking his own discontent, would exclaim, "O Edmorin! wherefore dost thou repine? art thou not the sovereign of a thousand subjects, who are loaded with arrows to preserve thy life? Hast thou not the command of women for thy pleasure, even to a variety that puzzles thy choice? Dost thou not see the savage of thy woods enjoy content....why then dost thou sigh? Alas! I am weary of myself: certainly solitude has occasioned my depression; I will seek an instant relief in society." —Among those whom Edmorin indulged with particular tokens of his regard was an Indian sage, whose name was Ramor. He was a philosopher of nature, and had acquired his knowledge by an unaided application to her laws. He was one whom the

Edmorineans universally regarded as a man, whom the angel of death spared in pity to themselves; his maxims were considered as invariable, and his sentiments were held in the highest veneration. He had been long in the confidence of the prince, who, at the death of Isdable his father, had taken the charge of his education (such as could at that early time be given): Edmorin therefore felt towards him much of the reverence and duty of a child; and Ramor, on the other hand, united an equal degree of the affection of the parent with the loyalty of the subject.

To Ramor therefore he communicated his uneasiness, and disclosed the manner in which he felt himself affected; "I am miserable (said he, sighing), yet know not why; the verdure of the spring, and the glow of the summer, have lost their allurements; I have no longer any delight to glide along the rivers in my canoe, to stick the plumes of victory in my brow, or with my dart pursue the chace. I am wretched, even amongst the sprightliest of the women, nor regard (as usual) their dalliances to please, or their solicitude to charm....all is tasteless: I am sick with solitude, yet have no relish for society: something is surely wanting to my felicity. To thee I have flown from myself, and do thou therefore mitigate my distress."

The hoary sage had long studied the temper of his prince, and was intimately skilled in the characters of man: he regarded Edmorin with a look of observa-



tion, and soon penetrated into the cause of his distemper ; and without any servilities of prostration, thus addressed him in the language of simplicity and truth : —“ Be the anguish of my child dissipated, and the burthen of sorrow removed from his bosom ; for if the voice of his servant Ramor is regarded, and the wisdom of his instructions followed, Edmorin shall be happy.

“ Thou complainest, my son, that the novelty of life is over, and that from the variety of nature thou no longer canst find repose. To what cause, therefore, can thy inquietude be ascribed, but to that which even in the bowers of paradise could introduce anxiety : to the want of an elegant and virtuous companion of thy throne and bosom. Thou art discontented not because the excellences that heretofore engaged thee are in themselves less excellent, but because thou hast no partner with whom thou mayest share the pleasure they bestow. There is seldom any selfishness in the social temper. In the generous benevolence of thy youth thou lookest around thee, and, comprehending in one point of view the grandeur and beauty of the world, art unhappy that thou canst not communicate thy sentiments of wisdom and tenderness to the object whom thy virtues have conquered and approved. Thou perceivest that few, even of the multitudes of thy train, are calculated for the honour of thy confidence ; and still fewer for the affection of thy friendship. Of those, whom thou rulest in the gentleness of thy sway, many are the

sport of playful idleness or active folly, and more the slaves of insignificant ambition : some are swelling with spleen at the proudness of a rival's plume, and some are contesting (in the bitterness of rancour) about the skins of the savage. To such thou canst not unbosom the secrets of thy heart : they are not equal to the dignity of trust, and thou art therefore compelled to seal up thy reflections and thy knowledge, or to utter them to the air, or lavish them upon the ignorant. Thy mind, my son, is suited to the sweetness of virtuous meditation, and nature has endowed thee with the power to discern the beauties of her works ; but when thy generous curiosity has procured thee instruction, thou wantest one to whom thou mightest impart the benefits of inquiry. Knowledge is useless unless it is diffused ; but to circulate it to those who have neither capacity nor idea, would be a wildness equal to his, who was determined to encircle the head of the bear with a coronet of flowers, and to enwreath the horns of the sheep with a garland of roses.

Cast thine eye aloof, and behold on yonder fir-tree the turtle sits sorrowing among the branches ; she disregards the prospects around her, and is visibly overwhelmed in the anguish of despondence. Her feathery partner has awhile forsaken her, and in the meridian glow of life and day thou observest how she pines ! The sun is to her an orb of darkness, and the lively earth enrobed in mourning !

“ Thine, my sovereign, is at



present the condition of that turtle, and a tender object (though one agreeable to the dignity of thy nature) is equally necessary to restore the tranquillity of both. For again fix thy attention upon the fir, and tell me what thou seest."

"I see, said Edmorin, that the happiness of the dove is restored! Her fugitive mate is returned....lo, Ramor, how their wings flutter in rapture! the one seems tenderly to chide, and the other appears anxious to excuse; and hark! she returns a song of gratitude for his safety! Henceforth, my friend, I will not suffer a turtle in my regions to be destroyed."

"I admire, replied Ramor, the softness of the sense, more than the simplicity of your expression: be taught from that of which thou hast been a witness, a remedy for thy distress. The most trifling image will afford an hint of utility to the eye of remark. Thou hast seen the cause of the complaint of a bird that was grown indifferent to every thing around it, and even weary of itself! and canst thou not as easily account for the misery of thyself, who art not less insensible to the privileges of royalty? Thou hast seen by what means the peace of the bird was restored, and canst thou not form to thyself a similar method, whereby thy own bosom might again have comfort?"

"Ramor (answered the Prince hastily, whilst his cheek became endamasked with deeper blushes), my heart is lightened, and I feel the cause of my disorder.

I am displeased with myself, that my sensibility did not before point out to me, and remove the reason—the purity of love, I see, is necessary to the happiness of a king."

"It is necessary, rejoined Ramor, not only to the happiness of a king but of his subjects, and indeed of every human individual. But my son must distinguish between the intemperance of desire and the ardours of an elegant passion. Thou art weary of the dalliances of thy women, because it is not in the power of more than one to afford thee felicity; or at least to confer such as is either permanent or pure.

"Go then, my sovereign, consider this and be happy. Let thy eyes rove among the servants whom thou commandest, and thy reason shall soon exalt one to thy bosom, to whom nature has been kind, and virtue affectionate.

"An honourable attachment will restore to every object its accustomed charm; again wilt thou receive consolation from thy wonted source: the blossom shall seem to wear a livelier bloom, and the sky a brighter blue: such are the effects of a generous love upon the mind that is satiate with solitude and suited to society."

The effect of these arguments were visible in the countenance of the prince; his features became more animated, and his air more vivacious, and in the warmth of his gratitude and hope, he could not forbear embracing the sage in his arms; whom he left with an assurance of observing his counsel, and of

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indulging his eye in such objects as were most likely to engage his heart.

He who looks to love, and love with honour, will soon find an object worthy his regard ; it was not long before Edmorin became enamoured of maiden excellence. He was one day pursuing alone an elk, which he had aroused from a grove of spices, when, perceiving it take towards the mountains (which were the preliminary boundaries of his sovereignty), he pressed onwards with vehemence, lest it should elude him by sheltering in the territories of Zimber. The savage was just bounding up the brow of the hills, when the prince discharged his arrow, but by some means or another without success ; and his game in the next instant reached the summit, and sprang out of sight. Edmorin was just about to turn again among the covert of his woods, when his ears were suddenly startled by a shriek that intimated distress. He stopped and found that the voice proceeded from the other side of the mountains ; and that which he had too much honour to do from the mere spirit of sport he had too much humanity to neglect when he might relieve the wretched : he therefore hastily stepped forward, and retreading the path again arrived at the top, and soon descended to the foot of the hills, and looking earnestly around him (whilst the voice increased its complaints), he discovered, through an intertwesture of boughs, an human shape extended in disorder upon the ground,

under the uplifted paw of a lion. He did not hesitate ; but drawing his arrow to the head, and levelling his eye to the mark, lodged the barb in his heart ; and, running to complete his conquest, he struck a poniard into his chest, and held it infixed till he expired.

He had now leisure to avert his attention to the object whom his courage and intrepidity had protected, and whom he found to be a virgin of uncommon beauty of form, irresistible even in misery. Her dress, which was of the finest skins, bespoke her of royal extraction, and she mourned with all the dignity of distress. Although she was still faint, and fearful lest she might have escaped from one disaster by the intervention of another still more dreadful, yet she recovered herself so as to return her compliments of gratitude to her deliverer in an attitude of prostration. The prince perceiving her confusion, and seeing her spirits struggling between the extremities of fear and joy, endeavoured to dissipate her apprehensions by the most tender assurances ; and, observing that the savage had rent her mantle, enrobed her with his own, and requested that he might be permitted to accommodate her till she had surmounted her fears. The princess (for such she was) consented to his solicitations, and Edmorin gently conducted her to his hut, which was formed by the hands of an hundred Indian artificers, in a taste perfectly rural and ingenious : it was situate in a valley, where nature has displayed her bounties in her wildest



luxuriance, with a distant view of the sea. The most beautiful foliage of oranges and cedars invited thither every silvan musician to warble and build ; springs of living water came issuing from chrystalline sources ; the flowers were essenced with the richest fragrance, and their colours were freshened by the breezes which at morn and even were wafted from the main.

Though the prince was secretly very anxious to learn the particulars of the fair stranger's history, especially that part of it which had occasioned the present event, yet his delicacy was unwilling to give her the pain of revealing it whilst her mind was under the inquietude of her late distress. He therefore repressed his curiosity, and solely applied himself to solace and revive her ; he spread a carpet of the softest skins, and set before her the nicest trophies of his arrow, with the most lovely presents of nature, to court her appetite : but the anxiety she had been under, and the abrupt transition from despair to joy, soon overcame the delicacy of her frame ; and had left her no other desire than to recruit her spirits by repose, and yield herself up a few hours to friendly insensibility. Edmorin, vigilant to oblige, saw her fatigue, and no sooner discovered her wishes, than he hastened to prepare an apartment for her rest : he soon formed her a couch with the spoils of the kid, the ermine, and the fawn, and her pillow was lined with the cygnet's down : nor could the prince be persuaded to leave his charge, but, inwrapping his body in a common

skin, determined to be the guardian of her slumber.

Whilst the gentle Edmorin sat watching her repose, by the light of the taper, he indulged himself in gazing ardently upon her, and, heaving a sigh of softness as he gazed, thus whispered to himself :

" O blessed sun ! what a form is there ! How happy am I in being the means of preserving it from violation !—Yet surely the savage could not scar such a creature ! The paw of the monster was suspended, doubtless, conscious of the excellence within his power, which, cruel as is his nature, he durst not use. How unlike is she to the common beauties among my train ! Blessed be the morning in which I last grasped my bow, blessed be the elk that directed me towards the mountains, and blessed be the moment in which Edmorin preserved her !—And yet why do I sigh ?—O Mithra, could my wishes !—But how vain my prayer !—Is she not some superior being ?—O Ramor ! now do I think of thee ; yet I will gaze no more."

Having said this, he extinguished the taper, least his reason should yield to the captivation of his eyes ; when suddenly the apartment was re-enlightened by a flash of lightning, a thunder-clap succeeded, and in the next moment a vision of the night, arrayed in an irresistible robe of light, appeared before him. The astonished Edmorin put his hand to his forehead, and fell prostrate to the illustrious appearance, when, gently waving a wand which it held in its hand over the eyes of the



princess, addressed itself to the youth :—" List, Edmorin, and be happy ! I am the angel of truth and innocence ; thou rememberest the instructions of Ramor ; the hour is at hand when his instructions will be useful. Her, whom thy valour has saved, is Ella, the daughter of Zimber, the monarch beyond the mountains.—Thy divinity has ordained her to be thy wife—Do not wonder, or doubt, because that she is the child of thy enemy—to fate nothing is impossible—I am commissioned from above to give thee this ruby, which, whilst she sleeps, thou art to put upon her finger ; do this, and thou no more shalt sigh in solitude, nor experience sorrow."

The evanescent visitor instantly disappeared, and the noise of the thunder, that again rolled a volley as it vanished, alarmed the princess, who became pale with affright. It was now the dawn of day, and Edmorin was about to execute the order of the vision at the moment she awoke ; he had just fixed the ruby on her finger, and was still holding her hand gently within his own. They were both overwhelmed in a speechless confusion, yet neither had the power, nor perhaps the inclination, to alter their position. From their meeting eyes shot instant affection ; their souls melted within them, and a thrilling pulsation ran a tide of rapture through every vein ; at length, however, the united impressions of hope and love gave the powers of utterance to Edmorin, who communicated the commands of the angel of truth, and concluded with professions of fondness and

sincerity. She was easily disposed to credit what her heart so affectionately desired, and she involuntarily pressed the ruby to her lips ; yet had still the honour and discretion to inform him, that she had fled Zimber, who, on the day he had saved her from death, determined to sacrifice her to Dorin, the chieftain of the valley.—" Dorin, said she, is boisterous as the thunder, and cruel as the panther of the forest, but with the cunning of the fox has he crept into the smiles of my father ; and the orders of Zimber are dreadful as the roaring of a cataract of the Nile : how then shall I be sheltered from the fury of Zimber, or the importunities of Dorin ? I am a captive....Ella is the slave ....how therefore can she ever be thy wife ?" Though her duty seemed to require this candour, yet her eyes manifested the tenderness of her wishes.

" New-found spirit of purity and sweetness, replied the prince, thou art no captive, but the present of the angel of truth ! I will not only shield thee from the persecutions of Dorin, and from the wrath of Zimber, but will also solicit his friendship, and thou shalt be at once the instrument not only of love, but of peace." At this moment entered Ramor, who was instantly commissioned to the monarch of the mountains, who, in gratitude for the preservation of Ella, consented to a union from which proceeded every enjoyment of life, and the prophecy of the sage was now remembered and fulfilled ; for she was now exalted to the throne to whom Nature



was kind and Virtue affectionate, and Edmorin and Ella became the idols of India.

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FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

It is sixteen years since Dr. Waterhouse was first appointed to deliver a course of lectures annually, on Natural History, in the University at Cambridge, to such students, as were disposed to subscribe to them. Since this period, the lectures have gone on increasing every year in number and respectability to the present time.

By long and unwearied exertions Dr. W. has succeeded in making a very valuable collection of natural productions at Cambridge, especially in the line of *ores* and *minerals*. The valuable cabinet of *Mineralogy* owes its very existence to him. Indeed this highly useful branch of knowledge, Natural history, comprehending *Mineralogy*, *Botany*, the *Elements of Agriculture*, the *harmony of the system*, or *dependence of one part of creation on the other*, would probably have remained dormant, half a century longer, but for the persevering industry and indefatigable labours of the Doctor. Two or three years since he commenced a collection of *Plants*, in the form of a *Hortus Siccus*, which bids fair in time, to equal the collection of *minerals*. We have always understood that the Professor met with no small difficulty in ingrafting a new branch of science on an old stock. The Doctor has, we think, hinted very properly, in his motto to his *Heads of Lectures*, that such undertakings require the patronage of the public to continue

their existence; for we have always understood that he has never received any pecuniary assistance from the government of the College. The lectures are delivering at this season, and we may venture to say, without risk of contradiction, that there never was a course of lectures given within the walls of Harvard, that experienced more attention from the undergraduates and from elder persons, who attend them. We lament that there is not some establishment for this useful course of instruction, that shall give to needy scholars a privilege, that is now entirely engrossed by the sons of the opulent.

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HEADS OF A COURSE OF LECTURES ON NATURAL HISTORY, GIVEN ANNUALLY (SINCE 1788) IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE, BY B. WATERHOUSE, M. D. PROFESSOR OF THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF PHYSIC, AND LECTURER ON NATURAL HISTORY.

*A private man may sow the seeds of Science, but PUBLIC BENEFACTIONS must water them.* LORD BACON.

UT SPARGAM. HOLLIS.

I. INTRODUCTION. The difference between *talents*, and knowledge acquired by *education*; the latter rouses and draws forth the dormant energies of the youthful mind; the former are the gifts of nature. The grand object of education, is to engage the mind by *pleasure*, while you present it with clear and instructive ideas. The importance of recommending *truth* by elegance of language, and embellishing *philosophy* with polite literature. A predominant *curiosity*, the sign of a vigorous intellect.




The advantages to our country of exciting and directing the natural curiosity of our young countrymen, to read THE GREAT VOLUME OF NATURE ; that *sacred Scripture*, written by the finger of the DEITY himself upon every *animal*, every *plant*, and every *mineral*. Outlines of the course.

II. METHOD, the soul of science ; by it a confused heap of facts may be so arranged, that the judgment may perform its office with advantage. Various illustrations in *Geography*, *Chronology*, *Grammar*, and *Natural History*.

History of PHILOSOPHY. How the sciences were first taught by signs and symbols.—Importance of a clue to the fables and allegories of the ancients, they having *nature* for their basis. How the symbols of ideas came to be taken for ideas themselves—truth to be mixed with falsehood, human things with divine.

Distribution of knowledge into particular sciences. *Philosophy* divided into the doctrine of the DEITY—of MAN—and of NATURE.—The first strikes the human intellect by a *refracted ray*, (from the inequality of the medium between man and the CREATOR) ; the second, by a *reflected ray* ; but *Nature*, by a *direct ray*. Illustrations.

III. HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY from *Pythagoras* to the destruction of learning by the *Goths*, *Vandals*, and *Mahometans*. Account of the *dark ages*. The revival of letters : their history continued to the *discovery of Printing*. Of *Lord Bacon*, *Boyle*, *Newton*, *Greav*, and *Hook*. Of late geographical discoveries.— *These subjects are sometimes extended to three and four lectures, according to the wish of the hearers.*

IV. On the PRIMARY MATTER ; or that which is constantly changing *out of* and *into* all the various substances perceivable by our senses. Illustrations.

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Concerning *simple matter*. On the two primitive powers or forces in nature, viz. that which causes *weight*, and that which causes *heat*. On particular, or chemical attractions.

The imperceptible transition of *inert*, to *organized matter*—from a vegetating body to the lowest order of animals. Of the *Zoophytes*, or that class of beings which connects animated and insensible nature. A glance at the SYSTEMA NATURÆ of *Linnaeus*.

V. A glance of the UNIVERSE. Sketch of the most celebrated theories of the *earth*, viz. *Burnet's*, *Woodward's*, *Whiston's* and *Buffon's*.

VI. View of the TERRAQUEOUS GLOBE : Man placed on it, not to feign visionary theories of its formation, but to CULTIVATE IT. The earth a dreary spot, without the labour of man. The advantages of *labour* ; proved to be a task kindly imposed on man by an indulgent CREATOR, as the best means of preserving his *health*, his *safety*, and his *innocence*.

VII. On WATER, and the circulation of it between the salt OCEAN, the ATMOSPHERE, and the EARTH. On the grand apparatus of Nature in producing sweet and running waters, all of which have a special reference to *vegetation*.

On the importance of AGRICULTURE to this country, at *this period*. *Agriculture* gives man the only riches he can call his own.

VIII. BOTANY. The *anatomy* of a full grown plant ; in which is every where displayed an internal adjustment, disposition, or arrangement of its parts, into tubes and vessels ; called for that reason *organization*, and *vascular system*. A section of the *root* of a plant ; and of the *trunk* ; and of the *branch*, as viewed through a microscope.

The *Anatomy* of a SEED, which is an organized body, endowed with vessels, containing under several



membranes *the plant in miniature*. Of the change this seed undergoes when placed in a due degree of *heat* and *moisture*. On the *seven* essential parts of a plant discoverable in the *seed, root, branch, bud* and *flower*. On the *leaves* or *lungs* of the plant. On the *oxygenating* process in the growing vegetable.

IX. ON THE GRAND PRINCIPLE OF AGRICULTURE. Why some plants will grow in a vessel of *clean sand, pure clay, or simple water*, alone. Why certain putrefying substances added to this sand, or clay, or pure water, will cause the plant to grow more luxuriantly. Does the *food* of plants reside in the *atmospherical air*? or in *water*? or in *putrid animal substances*? or in a combination of them all? The true doctrine of *manures*. Plants destroyed by poisonous food.

On the strict *analogy* between plants and animals. On the *absorbent vessels* of a plant: their *umbilical vessels*: their *pulmonary arteries* and *veins*: their *aortal arteries* and *veins*: their *glands* and *secretions*: their *organs of reproduction*: their *muscles, nerves, and brain*. Do the two tribes of organized beings form, instead of *two distinct KINGDOMS*, ONE IMMENSE FAMILY? Plants rise, in *degrees* of perfection, up to the sensitive plant; the next link the *animal flower*; next to this, the *hydra, or polypus*.

X. The LINNÆAN SYSTEM OF BOTANY briefly explained.—The peculiar law of nature on which this *sexual* system is founded. Of Sir Thomas Middleton, Grew, and Linnæus.

The *Linnean System* founded on the *fructification* (or combination of the flower and fruit), and consists of *seven* parts (offsprings of the *seven* essential parts already described); and are, 1st, the *calyx*; 2d, the *corolla*; 3d, the *stamina* and *anthera*; 4th, the *pistillum*; 5th, the *pericardium*; 6th, the *seed*;

7th, the *receptacle*. The ESSENCE of the vegetable consists in the *fructification*; the *fructification* in the *flower* and *fruit*; that of the flower in the *stigma* and *antheræ*. The essence of the fruit consists in the *seeds*; and the essence of these in the *corculum* and *plumula*, in which is the *punctum vitæ* of the future plant.

Exhibition of an HORTUS SICCUS, with directions how to form one. Of the importance of the *Art of Drawing* to every man of education. Of the easy multiplication of beautiful drawings, by the delicate art of *engraving* and *etching*. The ART OF PRINTING; a digression. Grew, Hales, Malpighi, Bonnet, Duhamel, Buffon, Spalanzani, Priestley, Darwin, and the *philosophers of the Linnean school*, recommended.

#### XI. The ANIMAL KINGDOM.

The difficulty of drawing the line between the vegetable and animal kingdom. The anatomical description of the *hen's egg*; which is an organized body, and like the *seed* of a vegetable, endowed with vessels, and containing, under several membranes, the *animal in miniature*. HEAT, as an exciting and preserving stimulus, necessary to the support of vegetable and animal life. The gradual unfolding of the chicken, by the process of *hatching*; traced from the first hour, until it leaves the shell, and becomes an active animal in the open air. This process applied to the *primordium* of all other animals. Will this doctrine apply to the polypus? Doctrine of *organic life*; and of *organic molecules*. Bonnet, Buffon, and Darwin recommended.

XII. CLASSIFICATION of Animals by Aristotle, Gesner, Aldrovandus, Ray, and LINNÆUS. Pennant, Latham, and Shaw, recommended.

XIII. On INSECTS: Their surprising structure, and wonderful œconomy; exemplified in the *fly*,



the *bee*, the *spider*, and the *ant*. Swammerdam, Reaumur, Bonnet, and Donovan, recommended. *Insects*, the most captivating branch of Natural History ;—" *vidi et obstupui !*" A cautionary hint. On INSTINCT.

XIV. On the *relative perfection*, or SCALE OF BEINGS. 1st, In-organized beings ; 2d, organized and inanimate beings ; 3d, organized and animate beings ; 4th, organized, animate, and *reasonable* beings.

1st, Of the *nutritive* faculty ; 2d, of *vegetative* life, and of *sensitive* life : If *reflection* be joined to feeling, the being enjoys a *vegetative*, *sensitive* and *reflective* life. *Man*, alone, unites these three kinds of life in himself.

What is the first *link* in the *chain* of animated nature ? or where, in the scale of *vitality*, has nature marked her degree of *o* ? Does the scale of beings end where it ceases to be visible ? *Locke's* opinion ; *Addison's* and *Jenning's*. *Man* the "*nexus utriusque mundi*."

The animal produced by a cutting, as in the *Zoophytes*, is but *one degree* above a vegetable ; that produced from an egg, *a step higher* ; that class of animals, which is brought forth alive, *still more exalted* ; of these such as bring forth *one* at a time, *the most complete* ; the *foremost* of which stands the great master of all, MAN.

XV. MAN ; placed at the top of *the cone* ;\* or visible series of creation. The knowledge of him comprised under six heads : 1. *Physiologicè* ; 2. *Diæticè* ; 3. *Pathologicè* ; 4. *Naturaliter* ; 5. *Politicè* ; and 6. *Theologicè*.—" *Hæc si noveris, Homo es, et a relinquis animalibus, distinctissimum genus*." Linnæus.

XVI. In all animals, whose individuals rise little above the rest of their species, knowledge is *instinctive* ; in *Man*, whose individuals are

so widely different, it is acquired by EDUCATION. *Gradations* of mankind. Is the difference in the minds of men so much the effect of *organization*, as of *education* ? The *aptitude* to understanding a dead, or *dormant* power in man, if not roused by *the passions*.

Why fanciful philosophers call man *the microcosm*.

GRADATIONS of *Worlds*. There may be worlds in the universe, whose relations to our earth are like those of *man* to a particle of air. How inadequate, then, must the utmost stretch of human thought be to the conception of the PRIMUM MOBILE, the CAUSA CAUSARUM, the ENS ENTIIUM, the CUSTOS, RECTORQUE *universi, mundani hujus operis* DOMINUS et ARTIFEX !

XVII. MINERALOGY. The contents of the earth but little known :—all below *three thousand feet* is dark conjecture. *Mountains* distinguished into *primæval* and *alluvial*. The first are the "*everlasting hills*," which never contain metallic ores, nor petrefactions, nor any animal exuvæ ; of this kind are, the *Alps* and *Pyrenees*, in Europe ; the *Altacian*, *Uralian*, and *Caucasus*, in Asia ; and the *Andes*, in America. These *preceded* the formation of vegetables and animals. The second are as evidently of *posterior* formation. They lie in *strata*, contain ores, petrefactions of vegetables, and vestiges of organic animal substances. These *alluvial* mountains formed at, or since, the deluge ; the *primæval* as old as the globe. *Kirwan* recommended.

XVIII. The MINERALOGICAL SCHOOLS of *Sweden*, *Germany*, and *France*. Definition of a metal. *Phlogiston* ; or *fire*, clothed with a body. *Chemistry*, the parent of mineralogy. History of Gold, *Platina*—Silver—Copper—Iron—Tin—Lead—Mercury—Zinc—Regulus of Antimony—of Arsenic—Bismuth—Cobalt, and Nickel. *Cronstedt* recommended.

\* See *Locke on Human Understanding*.



The LETTSOMIAN *Cabinet of Minerals*. Mineralogy of more importance, at present, to AMERICA, than *Botany*. We are dependent on foreign nations for riches that lie under our feet! The UNITED STATES rich in *iron, lead, and copper*. The great scarcity of *gold*. The whole amount of *gold* in the vast region of France (before the revolution) would form a solid cube of less than *ten* feet square. So trifling the physical object that excited the impetuous passions of *twenty-five millions* of the human species! The extravagant price set on *diamonds*, and other glittering stones, ridiculous in the eyes of REPUBLICANS. "*Quot manus atteruntur, ut unus niteat articulus!*" Pliny.

XIX. ANALOGY between things *material* and *intellectual*. The world a *mirror*, reflecting moral truths. How the antient *Magi* construed the GREAT BOOK OF NATURE. Examples from the BIBLE.

XX. The French *System de la Nature* opposed by arguments drawn from *Newton, Clarke, Common Sense, Locke, and Voltaire*.

"We shall not have much reason to complain of the narrowness of our minds, if we will but employ them about what may be of use to us. 'Tis of great use to the sailor to know the length of his line, though he cannot with it fathom the depths of the ocean. 'Tis well he knows that it is long enough to reach the bottom, at such places as are necessary to direct his voyage, and caution him against running upon shoals that may ruin him. Locke.

\* \* \* The shortness of the course compels the lecturer to treat some particular subjects at greater length every other year. He is conscious that few of these heads are treated with the profundity the subject demands. He has endeavoured, however, to excite, and to direct *curiosity* to books, where he himself could not satisfy it.

## STORY OF CECILIA.

THE passion of love is supposed to exert its sway most despotically over the softer sex, the gentler half of our species; but though I cannot but confess that women, taken in the aggregate, are more delicate animals than men, and less capable of resolute exertion and firmness, yet there are instances among them of a firm endurance of evil, an energy of mind fully equal to the boasted strength of the stern lords of the creation. A woman indeed who has a soul at all, (for it is well known to be the Turkish creed that that beautiful machine is not endued with so useless a spring, and there are some instances among our own countrywomen, that would almost induce one to believe that a few fair Turks had straggled into Great Britain)....a woman, I say, who has a soul, is much more animated, more alive than man. Her impulses, if less permanent, are more lively; and though their vigour may quickly relax, yet the first spring is so powerful, that it will carry them farther than a more continued impetus will lead a man....But I am going to set before my readers the character of a female, not more distinguished for her feeling than her resolution; and whose case, as it may be common to all, may contain a general warning and a general example.

Cecilia was, from her infancy, the child of misfortune. She lost her mother in the first month of her life, and experienced through



her childhood every disadvantage which can attend a motherless female. It is needless to detail the circumstances which threw Cecilia, without fortune and without friends, into a dependent situation in an elegant family. There, however, we find her, from a very early age, bereft of all the splendid hopes her father's prospects once held out to her, and trusting alone to "Innocence and Heaven."

Cecilia was no beauty ;....instead of the Grecian elegance of form, and the unrivalled delicacy of feature she might have inherited from her lovely mother, she could boast only an active, though not a slender person, a complexion that glowed with the pure tints of health, a countenance that bespoke good humour, and an eye that beamed intelligence. Her skin had been despoiled of its polish by that foe to loveliness, the small-pox ;....and the narrowness of her fortune deprived her of the adventitious advantages of dress. The lowliness of her situation, which she felt most acutely, (perhaps too much so, since circumstances, not incurred by guilt, ought to bring no imputation with them) repressed all the freedom of her manner, and all the graces of her youth. With these exterior disadvantages, Cecilia was living with a woman of fashion, fortune, and beauty, who, satisfied with the charitable deed of affording a home to a fellow-creature, thought she treated her with sufficient kindness when she did not beat her.

Cecilia, however, possessed a mind far superiour to her situation ; it had been elegantly and

even studiously cultivated. She was no mean proficient in the modern accomplishments, and was more than commonly skilled in the Belles Lettres. She had loved moral philosophy, as the most improving and the most interesting study ; and she now sought in its doctrines a relief from the discomforts she experienced. She could not believe but that unwearied assiduity, diligence, and good-humour would procure her the good-will, and even the affection of her patroness ; but the course of a few years shewed her that she deceived herself, and that a fine lady is a non-descript in ethics.

Had Cecilia been one of those humble toad-eaters, who can bear to dangle after their ladies into public, clad in their forsaken ornaments, at once the envy and the scorn of the whole tribe of waiting gentlewomen,....had she been an adept at flattery, and echoed with applause the unmeaning witticisms she was condemned to hear, she would probably have been a favourite : but such was not her character. Conscious of some internal merit, Cecilia sought to be chosen, not suffered ; and finding, unhappily, that she could not obtain what she sought, she gradually withdrew more and more from observation, and though obliged to frequent all company, she never met with even the common attentions due to her age and sex.

Thus retired in herself, and thrust back by circumstances, it was not possible for her to obtain any attention in the gay and dissipated circle in which she was condemned to move, nor to have



the least chance of being lifted to a better situation. The best years of her life were wasted in hopeless despondency, and she could look forward to nothing but passing the evening of her days in the same joyless gloom, when some events occurred, which seemed to promise a possibility of happiness.

Alcanor, an intimate friend of the family, had for some time distinguished Cecilia with more than a polite.....with a kind attention....Alcanor was a man of sense, a complete gentleman, and bore an unblemished character for probity and honour. Cecilia, who, with a bosom formed to feel the warmest raptures of love, with a judgment keen to perceive, and a heart alive to distinguish excellence, had hitherto preserved herself from any particular attachment only by perpetual reflections on the hopelessness of her situation, felt a fearless gratitude for the friendship of Alcanor. It exalted her in her own eyes above the insignificance into which she was conscious she had sunk in the estimation of those around her; yet considering Alcanor as a being many degrees above her, she indulged her gratitude without the smallest idea that it would ever ripen into a warmer sentiment. Nor could it ever have disturbed her peace, though it might have added to her happiness, but for some occurrences, not necessary to be detailed, which threw her often into confidential talk with Alcanor.

Though wholly a novice in the affairs of love, Cecilia had not reached the age of twenty-eight

without having observed the effects of the passions; and the inquietude she now began to be conscious of alarmed her for the nature of her sentiment towards Alcanor. His increasing kindness increased her inquietude and her alarms. She strictly examined her heart, and learned to distrust, not him, but herself. She had hitherto put no restraint on the natural warmth of her manner when conversing with him: she now assumed a more guarded style. Alcanor saw the difference of her conduct, and strove by the most delicate attentions, to bring her back to her former unreserve. Cecilia could no longer be blind to the meaning of Alcanor....What had she to fear from a man whose bosom was the seat of honour? What a happiness, what a triumph for her to be selected by so superiour a being! She looked timidly at Alcanor. His respectful deference, his affectionate attentions, his graceful gaiety reassured her; by degrees her timidity, her reserve wore off, and without a word on either side, they were on the footing of avowed lovers. To have doubted his honour would have been sacrilege. She became a new being. She looked forward with some apprehension indeed to the situation to which her marriage would raise her; but she endeavoured to render herself worthy of it. She hourly improved in grace, gaiety, and appearance, and Alcanor became hourly more and more attached: yet so delicate were the marks of his attachment, as to be by all unnoticed, save by the conscious Cecilia!



She was now anxiously expecting the moment when his avowal should dissipate all apprehensions, when one day, after a temporary absence, as she advanced to meet him with her accustomed gladness, she was struck with the strangeness of his manner !..... Polite he was indeed ; but what was mere politeness from Alcanor to Cecilia ? She gazed in his face ; she saw in it no answering warmth ; she retired to weep, and in solitude, chid herself for her fancifulness. She returned to prove Alcanor faultless, and herself mistaken. She found him to all others cheerful, animated, gay, as usual....to her invincibly cold. Day after day passed on, and no returning kindness beamed in his eye. Hope was extinct, and thus ended forever an attachment singular in its progress, and barbarous in its termination.... No opportunity now offered of speaking alone to Alcanor, and if it had, of what service would it have been to the unfortunate Cecilia ? Of what was she to complain ? Nothing, however, was ever farther from her wishes than to complain, except to reproach Alcanor ! To conceal her griefs, to conquer her feelings, to command her countenance, these were the tasks she imposed upon herself....these were the efforts that exhausted her strength, that embittered her solitary hours, that bathed her pillow with tears !

These salutary efforts, however, succeeded, and Cecilia is a noble example that philosophy and exertion can surmount the greatest trials, and afford comfort under the heaviest misfortunes. She has devoted her time, with

exemplary fortitude, to those pursuits which formerly interested her ; and she finds from her laudable exertions the truest and most permanent comfort. One only reflection remains to embitter her hours of retirement, and that is, her earnest and not unjustifiable curiosity to learn the reason of Alcanor's sudden change : but this explanation she must assuredly rest without obtaining, since she can never ask, and he seems not at all disposed to volunteer it.

That no future clouds may arise to disturb a serenity so laudably regained, must be the wish of every one who reads this recital ; but what words can do justice to the unsuspected perfidy of Alcanor, who first obtained the full confidence of his destined victim, and then amused himself with watching the progress of a passion he coolly resolved to reduce to despair ? Cecilia, indeed, with a delicacy of which only the most feeling mind could be capable, sometimes reproaches herself with having too readily yielded to the semblance of affection ; but her own heart, and that of the treacherous Alcanor, must fully exculpate her from this blame. The following lines, however, which I obtained by an accident not to be related, prove her jealousy of her own conduct, and the acuteness of her feelings.

I caught a bright fantastic cloud,  
And in the glittering moonlight  
dress'd it,

Then, of the beauteous pageant proud,  
Too fondly to my bosom press'd it.

I fancied by the dubious light,  
I saw my phantom sweetly smiling ;  
My bosom throb'd with wild delight,  
All reason's soberer fears beguiling.



What dreams of joy my soul revolv'd,  
 What pleasant visions hover'd o'er me!  
 'Till by th' incautious warmth dissolv'd,  
 My treasure faded from before me!

Condemn'd henceforward still to grieve,  
 My senses rove in wild confusion,  
 Nor can I scarcely yet believe  
 My bliss was all a vain illusion.

From treacherous hope will I no more  
 Deceitful forms of pleasure borrow,  
 But silently my loss deplore,  
 And sink a prey to secret sorrow.

Such is the tale I wish to impress on the minds of my fair countrywomen; since to all the lot of Cecilia is possible, it would be wise in all to arm their minds with similar fortitude. The above lines, written at a very early period of her distress, but very ill convey her present philosophic calmness.

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#### ISAAC BARROW,

AN eminent mathematician and divine, born in 1636. He was first placed in the Charterhouse, and afterwards removed to a school at Felsted, in Essex, from whence he was sent to Cambridge, where he entered of Trinity College. When the king advanced him to the dignity of master, his majesty was pleased to say, "He had given it to the best scholar in England:" and he did not speak from report, but from his own knowledge. The doctor being then his chaplain, he used frequently to converse with him, and, in his humorous way, to call him an "unfair preacher," because he exhausted every subject, and left nothing for others to say after him. He

was appointed Gresham professor of geometry, 1662, and was elected Fellow of the Royal Society, 1663. He resigned his Gresham professorship on being appointed Lucasian professor of mathematics at Cambridge, 1664, which chair he resigned to his illustrious pupil, Sir Isaac, then Mr. Newton, in 1669. He was created D. D. in 1670, and two years afterwards was appointed Master of Trinity College. In 1675, he served the office of vice chancellor. He died in 1677, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. He was a man of considerable courage and eccentric humour, as the following anecdotes will illustrate:—Being once on a visit at a gentleman's house in the country, where the necessary was at the end of the garden; as he was going to it before day, (for he was a very early riser) a fierce mastiff, that used to be chained up all day and let loose at night, set upon him with great fury; the doctor caught him by the throat, and throwing him down, lay upon him; once he had a mind to kill him, but he altered his resolution on recollecting that this would be unjust, as the dog only did his duty: at length he called so loud that he was heard by some of the family, who came out and freed both from their disagreeable situation. As a proof of his wit the following is recorded:—Meeting lord Rochester one day at court, his lordship, by way of banter, thus accosted him;—"Doctor, I am yours to my shoe-tie." Barrow, seeing his aim, returned his salute as obsequiously, with "My lord, I'm yours to the ground." Roches-



ter improving his blow, quickly returned it, with "Doctor, I'm yours to the centre;" which was as smartly followed by Barrow, with "My lord, I'm yours to the antipodes:" upon which Rochester, scorning to be foiled by a

musty old piece of divinity (as he used to call him), exclaimed, "Doctor, I'm yours to the lowest pit of hell!" on which Barrow, turning on his heel, answered "*There, my lord, I leave you.*"

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REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS ;

OR THE

BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR MAY, 1804.

*A brief Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century, part first, in 2 vols, containing a sketch of the revolutions and improvements in science, arts, and literature, during that period, by Samuel Miller, A. M. one of the Ministers of the United Presbyterian Churches in the city of New-York. T. & J. Swords, New-York.*

(Continued from page 236.)

JUDICIOUS compilations on useful subjects are of considerable value, as they bring together, under a comprehensive view, what has been said by different authors on particular points of inquiry; but unless the collector be very judicious, and capable of abridging with neatness and skill, such compilations become either too voluminous, or incomplete. Mr. Miller has shewn not only judgment, and acquaintance with many subjects upon which he treats, but has thrown his own observations so happily upon them, as to entertain the reader,

whilst he presents a very useful complement before the public.

A writer of less taste and delicacy would speak upon all branches of literature with the same degree of confidence: but there is another extreme. He often hazards his opinion, but as often makes his apology and solicits the complacency of every candid inquirer. We mentioned this as a fault in the first part of our Review. Except a man have stores of knowledge, why should he pretend to give such extensive information? and if conscious of possessing intellectual wealth, it seems like affectation, or a kind of sentimental cant, to be telling why he undertook to do so much with small means, and how earnest he is to gain the favour of men of profound erudition.

The second volume begins with a chapter upon the *Philosophy of the Human Mind*, in which our author gives due credit to the excellent work of Mr. Locke, who was certainly the prince of metaphysicians, and



the first who treated such abstract subjects with simplicity and perspicuity. Nor is there any work in the English language better adapted to teach men "to think with precision and inspire them with that candour and love of truth which is the genuine spirit of philosophy."

If Mr. Locke was so great and excellent a character he was not treated with that respect by the Scotch metaphysicians which his name and writings deserved. This was given as a reason by Dr. Priestley, in conversation some time since, why he was so rude in his manner of treating Drs. Reid, Oswald, and Beattie, though nothing can justify his saying that these writers were destitute of abilities.

Mr. M. goes over in a concise and very interesting manner the systems of French and German writers upon this subject, as well as the English and Scotch; and seems to fall in with the latter class; and to have read *Dugald Stewart's Elements*, &c. with great attention. One thing is a little remarkable, he appears to deny the palm of originality to Dr. Reid, and quotes Dr. Witherspoon as saying, that an *essay of his*, in a Scottish magazine, gave rise to what Dr. Reid and others have written. If this magazine could be procured, and the opinion of others could be obtained, that this was indeed "the first publication in which this leading doctrine was suggested," it would have been worth while to mention it. But in all that *Stewart* and others have written, not a word is suggested of this very important essay.

And we are afraid it is lost. This we regret, because some, less partial to Dr. Witherspoon, will think his pretensions less valid, and with all his christian humility, that he had something of an author's vanity.

The next chapter in this volume is upon classick literature, in which there are some excellent observations:—"In America the decline of classical literature is especially remarkable and prevalent. Many of our colleges require in their students but a superficial acquaintance with the Latin language; and with respect to the Greek, are contented with a smattering which scarcely deserves the name of knowledge. And although in others, laudable exertions have been made, for retaining to some profitable extent, this part of education; yet the popular prejudice against it is strong and growing. And there is too much reason to fear that this prejudice will, at no great distance, completely triumph."

In an able manner Mr. M. compares the advantages and disadvantages of studying the dead languages; and the result of his inquiries is, that it is necessary to study the classicks in order to improve a literary taste.

"It has been asserted, by the ablest philologists, that the knowledge of the Greek and Roman writers has a most important influence in promoting literary taste. Those writers display excellences with respect to the structure and polish of language, which, it seems to be generally agreed, are unrivalled in the annals of composition. To study these excellences has a natural tendency to render the mind familiar with the philosophy of grammar, and to inspire it with a taste for the re-



finements of eloquence. It has a tendency to form in the student a capacity to discern, and a solicitude to attain the purity, the precision, and the graces of speech. Perhaps it may be questioned whether a man can possibly understand any one modern language, in its various inflections, beauties, and shades of meaning, without having some acquaintance with those ancient tongues. Certain it is, that almost the whole of that invaluable mass of instruction on this subject, to be derived from *etymological* inquiries, depends on such an acquaintance, and must be commensurate with its extent. Hence it is supposed, by some of the most judicious literary historians, that the high estimate set on classical literature, and the enthusiastic attention paid to it, until within a few years past, may be considered among the principal causes of that rapid improvement in several European languages, which distinguishes the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. By diligently studying the ancient models of composition, and habitually referring to them as standards, the literati of those days were enabled to transfuse their beauties into the living languages; to give the latter a large portion of the copiousness, regularity, and numerous excellences of the former; and to convert them from that miserably defective and barbarous state in which they were found, to a degree of richness and refinement bordering on rivalry with their admired patterns.

"If these facts and reasonings be admitted, it would seem to follow, that the same course of studies which contributed so much to raise modern languages to their present refined and improved state, must also be considered as useful, if not indispensably necessary to the preservation and support of those excellences which they have attained. The tendency of living languages to fluctuate and change is universally known. The intercourse of different nations; the ignorance, presumption, and affectation of authors; the gradual introduction of provincial barbarisms, and many other causes, are frequently found to debase the purity, and, in no small degree, to

effect the regularity of modern tongues. Of the mischief which has been often done, in these respects, even by a single popular writer, the annals of literature furnish numerous instances. It is true, to possess a language absolutely *fixed*, is neither possible nor desirable. New discoveries in science, new refinements in art, and the continual progress made in various departments of human knowledge, call for new words and phrases, and necessarily give rise to many corresponding changes, some of which are invaluable improvements in speech. But if left unrestrained, these innovations will be wantonly and injuriously multiplied. Every unfledged sciolist will assume the office of a reformer. Additions and alterations will no longer be made conformably to the analogy of the stock on which they are grafted; and language will speedily degenerate into a corrupt, capricious, and unintelligible jargon. Against this degeneracy, perhaps, no barrier is more effectual than the study of the ancient classics, and continually referring to them as the best standards of literary taste which mankind possess. The most illustrious models of English style have, undoubtedly, been produced by those who were intimately acquainted with those classics. Scarcely an instance can be found of an author who was ignorant of them, and who, at the same time, attained any high degree of excellence as a writer in his own language. And if ever the time should come when the polished tongues of antiquity shall cease to be studied in our seminaries of learning, it requires no spirit of prophecy to predict, that our vernacular language will gradually lose the purity and regularity of its proper idioms; become loaded with anomalies and meretricious ornaments; and no longer exhibit that philosophic uniformity, and systematic beauty, which are so desirable and useful. It is believed that the style of some very popular writers, within the last thirty years, furnishes a very instructive comment on the foregoing ideas, and affords abundant evidence of their truth."

(To be continued.)



*A sermon preached at Washington, Newhampshire, Sept. 28, 1803, on occasion of the consecration of Mount Vernon Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons. By Brother Thomas Beede, pastor of the church in Wilton. Amherst. Cushing. 8vo. pp. 18.*

We have sometimes thought, that, in this age of light and general improvement, masonic institutions were of little use. But if their members should conform, in any good measure, to the rules of morality inculcated in this discourse, the most earnest defenders of the christian faith would have nothing to fear from the triumphs of Masonry. The author appears to be a gentleman of good sense, and writes in a style of great simplicity.

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*A sermon on the death of Mr. Ebenezer Grant Marsh, senior tutor, and professor elect of languages and ecclesiastical history in Yale College, who died Nov. 16, 1803, in the 27th year of his age; preached in the Brick Church in New-Haven, Nov. 20. By Timothy Dwight, D.D. President of Yale College. Hartford. Hudson & Goodwin. 8vo. pp. 21.*

This sermon founded on Heb. xi. 4. is designed to commemorate a very worthy young man, who probably fell a victim to intense studies. It is written in the usual style of excellence which marks the productions of Dr. Dwight. Our readers, bearing in mind the words of the text, cannot be otherwise than

pleased with the following specimen of the President's manner.

"Among the things which are taught by the dead, those are especially interesting, which have heretofore particularly respected themselves. Those, in which they have been personally concerned; in which they acted or suffered, for which they have been distinguished, and by which they have been characterised. Thus the Infant, in artless and melancholy accents, lisps from the grave the most affecting lessons on the uncertainty, shortness, and vanity of life. Not even the comparative innocence of that early period, it declares, furnishes the least exemption from pain and sorrow, disease and death. "See here," it cries from the dreary tomb, "the dawn of existence set and vanished in never-ending night. Behold me, born only to die, and carried from the cradle to the grave. In me see life, and hope, and joy, lighted up only to be extinguished; a day-star risen, but followed by no future day. You also are descended from the same source of apostacy and death. Like mine your life is frail and perishing. Husband it while it lasts; for there is no work, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither you go."

"The Youth from the same regions of silence and sleep proclaims the emptiness and illusion, the war and waste, of passions and appetites. The hopes, which he so fondly cherished, he declares to have been bubbles, which rose for a moment on the stream, and disappeared never to rise again. The pleasures, in which he so eagerly rioted, he pronounces to have been a Circean draught, which changed him into a brute while he lived, and with a slow and imperceptible poison spread through his constitution decay and death. Indignantly he teaches the chicane of self-flattery, and the ruin of self-justification. In glowing colours he describes the deplorable folly of procrastination, of trusting to a future season for repentance, and of hazarding heaven and hell on the wretched uncertainty of a hereafter. On all his former companions he calls, while they stand around his grave, or pursue him in



thought into the invisible world, to remember, that the young as well as the aged die; that they themselves must soon follow him; that life is only the dawn of eternity; and that such as our conduct is, during the morning, will be our lot throughout the day. Most affectingly, therefore, does he warn them to *remember their Creator in the days of their youth, before the evil days come, in which they shall say, they have no pleasure.*

"The Man of middle age repeats the same solemn lesson concerning the business, the avarice, and the ambition, of that period. Man he holds up to view, cut off in the midst of his schemes of accumulating wealth, and acquiring reputation; his ardent efforts to obtain honour, office, power, and popular favour, and his laborious pursuit of learning, eloquence, and mental distinction. All these he declares to be useless and worthless without piety. The world he pronounces to be a mere toy-shop, stored with baubles, fitted to allure and amuse children, but meriting only the contempt of years and understanding. On the cares and anxieties, the toils and acquisitions, of man, his finger, like the hand which appeared to Belshazzar, inscribes *Vanity and vexation of spirit.*

"At the close of this awful train Age slowly advances, and with a trembling hand points at the hour-glass, which measures human life. On us he calls to mark how fast they run, how many are emptied, and how few remain. *What is your life?* he cries; *It is even a vapour, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.* I, who passed seventy years, know by sure experience, that it is a dream; idly amusing for a moment, and then fleeting before the beams of the morning.

"In this great scene of instructive meditation we behold all ages the promiscuous prey of the tomb. Here, together, the smile of infancy expires, the bloom of youth fades, the vigour of manhood shrinks, and the feebleness of age is finally benumbed. Here the hopes of the ardent, the beauty of the graceful, the learning of the wise, the tongue of the eloquent, the wealth of

the rich, the glory of the renowned, and the power of the great, are seen to be all equally vain and useless; equally victims of the king of terrors; gone; forgotten; and only summoned back to remembrance, as solemn monitors to the living. Here, also, arises to view, in immense numbers, the great congregation of the dead. While, fixed in thought, we contemplate this vast assembly, we instinctively cast forward the eye of prophecy, and survey the amazing multitude, which shall stand up at the closing day. We behold the incomprehensible millions come forth out of the grave, re-people the world at once, and for a moment, with endless myriads, and present in a single view the whole family of Adam. We see them arranged on the right hand, and on the left, of the Judge; we hear them acquitted, or condemned; we behold them rise to heaven, or descend to hell."

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*An oration on the death of Mr. Ebenezer Grant Marsh, senior tutor, Hebrew instructor, and professor elect of languages and ecclesiastical history in Yale College, who died on the 16th of Nov. 1803, in the 27th year of his age; pronounced in the College Chapel on the 10th of Jan. 1804. By Bancroft Fowler, one of the Tutors of Yale College. Hartford. Hudson & Goodwin, pp. 13. 8vo.*

This oration is published in the same pamphlet with the subject of the preceding article. It contains, in a dry and concise style, a particular, and, in our opinion, just account of the talents, pursuits, and acquisitions of the deceased. The following paragraph will give an idea of the performance, and of the uncommon industry of the lamented Mr. Marsh.



"His industry was almost without a parallel. Early inured to habits of application, study was his delight. Having imbibed a taste for science, he thought no labour too great for his attainment. Accustomed from childhood to sedentary life, his constitution was gradually adapted to it, and rendered capable of enduring a degree of confinement, which few will support. Finding his health unimpaired by application, he resolved that labour should not be wanting in the pursuit of science. Discarding the unfounded opinion, that the native powers of the mind are the only cause of distinction among men, he adopted the far more rational one, that eminence is the fruit of industry. Despising the uncertain, short lived reputation of a genius, he resolved by application to maintain that of a scholar. No better evidence of the ardour and industry with which he engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, can be given, than the manuscripts which he left behind him. These, consisting chiefly of the most important facts and observations which he found in the course of his reading, amount to nearly three thousand quarto pages, exclusive of his sermons and dissertations. To have collected so much valuable matter, at so early an age, notwithstanding he was engaged, for about seven years of his life, in the laborious business of instructing youth, proves the most assiduous application—an application which, though in itself highly commendable, was, there is reason to believe, too intense for his health, and remotely laid the foundation of his death. But he has set an example of industry worthy of universal imitation, and, with due attention to health, is especially recommended to the youth of this seminary."

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*The validity of baptism by sprinkling, and the right of infants to that ordinance, supported and defended in two discourses, delivered at Malden, in the beginning of the year 1804; occasioned by the setting up of a Baptist society in*

*that place. By David Osgood, D. D. minister of a church in Medford. Second edition. Charlestown. Etheridge. 12mo. pp. 83.*

This production has been much and, perhaps, justly commended, as a sound and finished fabric, rising on a good foundation, in due proportions and with sufficient beauty. Yet in its very threshold there is something not wholly unexceptionable. In contrasting the baptism of the Holy Ghost with the water baptism, Dr. Osgood says, "the *one* [he should have said *that*] was the immediate gift of God, producing a real change in the heart, purging it from sin and dead works, and bringing it to the answer of a good conscience towards God; the *other* [he should have said *this*] was to be the work of man, and, of itself, could avail to nothing more than *the purifying of the flesh*." We have been used to think, that the baptism, or gift, of the Holy Ghost was received, not for the purpose of *changing the heart, and purging it from sin and dead works*, but for the sake of enabling the recipient to perform miracles, by which to confirm the truth of the gospel. The apostles, Judas excepted, were good men before they received the Holy Ghost; and afterwards they were nowise exempt from human infirmities. There have doubtless been thousands of saints, both before and since the apostolic age, who never were privileged with particular inspiration.

The inaccuracy of this theological opinion has no effect on

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the tenour of the discourses. The Doctor in the first discourse has happily condensed the usual argumentation in favour of *sprinkling*; and whatever his opponents may think of his design, they can hardly refuse him the credit of a powerful executioner. Haste obliges us, for the present, to conclude our remarks on this interesting performance with an extract, in which the absurdity of supposing the jailor's family to have been baptized by immersion, is strikingly displayed.

"Equally improbable is it that the jailor and his household, mentioned in Acts xvi. were baptized by immersion. For this seems to have been done in the middle of the night. The apostles, Paul and Silas, had been committed to his custody. Having received a charge unusually strict, he thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks. At midnight, a great earthquake shook the prison to its foundations; *all the doors flew open, and every one's bands were loosed.* The keeper awoke in a great fright, and was about to dispatch himself. But when he perceived that the prisoners had not made their escape, nor were disposed to attempt it, his opinion of them was suddenly altered. A very different concern took possession of his mind. Having brought them out of the dungeon, or from what is called the inner prison, with the deepest humility, he inquired of them the way of salvation. They directed him to faith in Christ, and, says the history, "spake unto him the word of the Lord, and to all that were in his house. And he took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes; and was baptized, he and all his, straightway." Is there a single hint in this account which can give us the idea of immersion? Nay, with what eyes must *they* look at this passage of scripture, who can see the jailor with his whole family, and his prisoners, whom he was charged to keep at his peril, and whose

backs were covered with blood and wounds from their severe scourging—having been beaten with rods, and received many stripes but a few hours before;—all this company thus circumstanced, turning out at midnight, groping their way in the dark, or going with lanterns, or torches, to a river or pool, no one knows where—through a city, just waked up by a great earthquake, and the streets probably filled with the terrified inhabitants? Would Paul and Silas have done such a thing? As was observed before, such representations make the apostles to have acted a strange and unaccountable part, inconsistent not only with reason and common sense, but with themselves; for we find, in the morning, that they refused to leave the prison, till the magistrates came themselves to take them out. How absurd, then, is the supposition of their having gone abroad in the night to plunge their converts? Do not all the circumstances mentioned in this history, tend strongly to confirm us in the belief that the jailor and his family were baptized by sprinkling or affusion?"

(To be concluded in our next.)

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#### LONDON REVIEW.

AS literary men are commonly curious to learn the opinion of foreigners respecting the scientific character of their country, the readers of the Monthly Anthology are here presented with an extract from the London Catalogue of the New London Review for part of the year 1799.

DAVID HUME, to dissuade GIBBON from writing, rather in the French, than in the English language, foretold to him, with exultation, that the empire of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE would one day be prodigiously strengthened and en-



larged by means of the British settlements in America and in India.

It has happened as he foretold. From the port of London, from Glasgow, from Liverpool, there is a very large annual exportation of British books to NORTH AMERICA. In Philadelphia, at New-York, and in the other more considerable towns of the American States, a very great diversity of English publications continually issue from the press; newspapers, magazines, reviews, and annual registers, the usual variety of periodical works, are all published, in great abundance, among the Americans. And, though much of the literary matter which they contain, is borrowed from European books; yet a great quantity of very excellent original communications likewise appears in them.

The *transactions* of the *American Philosophical Society* are regularly published, after convenient intervals; nor can they fail to interest, in a very high degree, the curiosity of the philosophers of Europe. *Morse* has successfully laboured to illustrate the *history* and the *geography* of America. *Smith*, a philosopher of the school of Kaimes, Hume, and Robertson, has in some dissertations and sermons, exhibited a spirit of research, a vein of original thinking, and a manly vigour of composition, not unworthy of his masters, even where he contests their opinions and corrects their errors. *Joel Barlow* who came to Europe, as an apostle of democratical reform, had before distinguished himself, as the

author of some excellent poesy, of genuine American growth. *Dwight's Conquest of Canaan*, and other poems more recently written, are certainly not inferior in merit, to much of the contemporary poetry of Britain. *Trumbull's MacFingal* has risen to the rank of a classic in America, as a mock-heroic poem; and is even well-known in this country.

Yet, in truth, it appears to us, not so surprising, that these poets have already thus adorned the English literature of America; as that a region where life is still so considerably rural, where the beauties of nature are so wild, so luxuriant; so sublime and picturesque, so endlessly varied, where there is so much to favour their melancholy musing which elevates the soul to poetic ecstasies; should not yet have produced poetical excellence even of a higher class than has appeared in the old world, either in ancient, or in modern times.

*Medical* literature, too, has been very much cultivated in America, though the physicians of Philadelphia and New York, have, indeed, been hitherto, unable, to extirpate those dreadful, epidemical disorders, by which the ranks of life are, there, from time to time, so terribly thinned; they have, however, recorded a number of very interesting medical facts respecting the œconomy of human health; and have arranged these under several theories not destitute of ingenuity.

Among those who have the most ardently cultivated the *natural history* of America in its connexion with medicine, is Dr.



*Benjamin Smith Barton.* His *Materia Medica for America*, is now in a train of publication. Some parts of it which we have seen in London, incline us to expect, that the whole work will prove highly valuable and useful. All the most classical works of English philosophy and literature are reprinted and read in America with the greatest fondness. Distance of place seems, here, to

operate with somewhat of the same efficacy as remoteness of time; and contributes to make the Americans regard our best English authors, with a veneration greater than they have been able to command at home, and scarcely less than if they had been the contemporaries and rivals of a *Homer* or a *Tully*, or any others of the most illustrious writers of antiquity.

## POETRY.

## ORIGINAL.

## PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

(Concluded.)

A MAN, with easy fortune blest,  
Begg'd, he'd in *town* become his guest.

And now they o'er the social hearth  
Together junket, joke, and laugh;  
The host reveals his cares at last.—

“His former life in country pass'd,  
Each dawn his path of deeper green  
Through dew-blanch'd fields was earli-  
est seen.

He had flail'd the rye, con'd haycocks  
heap'd,

And in the pool the flax-grass steep'd;  
He view'd the sproutings of the night  
At morn with undefin'd delight;

Which he enjoy'd, without a pause  
To trace its philosophic cause:

As grew his fields, that interest grew  
Was not it's sordid source he knew.”

In short, all rural charms combin'd  
For happiness to form his mind.

Yet once in vapours o'er his brain  
This thought ascending brew'd his  
bane:

“The happiness in which I rest  
Is vulgar happiness at best;  
More noble they, whose active aim  
Through danger struggles up to fame.”

Thus urg'd to trace the city's maze,  
He early bask'd in fortune's blaze,  
Which, as with tropic power endu'd,  
The fever plagues of envy brew'd.

Of all enjoyment thus bereft,  
And to the fiend's temptation left;  
Incumbent on his parting heart,  
The demon urg'd him to impart

Convincing signs of anxious thought,  
That bleeding in his bosom wrought;  
Till exclamations, such as these,  
Disburden'd half his strange disease:—

“Kind heaven, debase to darkest deeps  
Where ignorance insensate sleeps,  
To callous poverty—debase my lot,  
Where brutal sense supplants all  
thought;

Or else exalt its godlike height,  
Far above envy's soaring spite.







---

 THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, best poet of the  
grove,  
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong  
to me ;  
Blest in the full possession of thy love,  
O lend that strain, sweet nightingale,  
to me.

'Tis mine, alas ! to mourn my wretch-  
ed fate ;  
I love a maid, who all my bosom charms ;  
Yet lose my days without this lovely  
mate ;  
Inhuman fortune keeps her from mine  
arms.

Ye, happy birds, by nature's simple laws,  
Lead your calm lives sustain'd by na-  
ture's fair ;  
Ye dwell wherever roving fancy draws,  
And love and songs are all your pleasing  
care.

But we, vain slaves of interest and of  
pride,  
Dare not be blest, lest envious tongues  
should blame,  
And here in vain I languish for my bride ;  
Come, mourn with me, sweet birds, my  
hapless flame.

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 SELECTED.

## ODE TO SENSIBILITY.

THE mind for vulgar pleasures form'd,  
May nature's better gifts despise ;  
The heart with finer feelings warm'd,  
Will ever nobler passions prize.

For what can wealth or fame bestow,  
When friendship or affection's fled ;  
What breast serenity can know,  
By every lawless impulse led ?

Not all that Hope's fond influence brings,  
Nor all that length of life can lend,  
Unless from purity it springs,  
Can ever man's condition mend.

The soften'd heart, the soul refin'd,  
Superiour happiness may taste ;  
But those to ruder joys inclin'd,  
Have every tender thought eras'd.

Still shall felicity's fair train  
Deal bliss to Virtue's self alone,  
But where the wilder passions reign,  
Nor bliss nor virtue can be known.

Oh ! that for ever may be mine  
Those joys that humanize the heart ;  
That wake at Pity's plaintive shrine,  
And sympathy's soft tear impart.

Then shall the bosom learn to glow  
With fond affection's liberal flame,  
The heart that feels another's woe,  
Let Sensibility proclaim.

---

 ODE TO MORNING.

HAIL, roseate morn ! returning light !  
To thee the sable Queen of Night  
Reluctant yields her sway ;  
And, as she quits the dappled skies,  
On glories greater glories rise  
To greet the dawning day.

O'er tufted mead gay Flora trips,  
Arabia's spices on her lips,  
Her head with rosebuds crown'd.  
Mild Zephyr hastes to snatch a kiss,  
And, fluttering with the transient bliss,  
Wafts fragrance all around.

The Dew-drops, daughters of the Morn,  
With spangles every bush adorn,  
And all the broider'd vales ;  
The linnet chants his tuneful lays ;  
The lark, soft-trilling in thy praise,  
Aurora, rising hails.

While Nature now in lively vest  
Of glossy green, has gaily dress'd  
Each tributary plain ;  
While blooming flow'rs, and blossom'd  
trees,  
Soft waving with the vernal breeze,  
Exult beneath thy reign



Shall I, with drowsy poppies crown'd,  
By Sleep, in silken fetters bound,  
The downy god obey?  
Ah no!—Thro' yon embow'ring grove,  
Or winding valley, let me rove,  
And own thy cheerful sway.

For short liv'd are thy pleasing pow'rs,  
Pass but a few uncertain hours,  
And we no more shall trace  
Thy dimpled cheek, and brow serene,  
Or clouds may gloom the smiling scene,  
And frowns deform thy face.

So, in life's youthful bloomy prime,  
We sport away the fleeting time,  
Regardless of our fate:  
But by some unexpected blow  
Our giddy follies we shall know,  
And mourn them when too late.

---

PSALM XLII. 14, 15, PARAPHRASED.

Why art thou so heavy, O my soul, and why  
art thou so disquieted within me?  
O put thy trust in God: for he is the help  
of thy countenance.

SUNK is the sunshine of the breast,  
The cheerful day, the peaceful rest:  
Chill'd is my heart and dim mine eye,  
I pant, I tremble, faint and die.  
Ah why so heavy, O my soul,  
What boding fears thy powers control?  
Through gloomy fields I seem to tread,  
Where night her pitchy veil has  
spread;  
Where wood crown'd mountains  
proudly tall  
Now tott'ring hang, now threat a fall,  
Where scowling ghosts stalk, mutt'ring  
low,  
And seem to whisper death and woe.

Sink not my soul: thy God is near,  
Though all be fearful, dark and drear.  
His hand thy steps shall still direct,  
His arm thy side shall still protect,  
Where dangers press, or labours call,  
With him thy guide thou conqu'rest all.  
Fear not: the King of Hosts is thy  
defence.  
Faint not: thy guardian is Omnipotence.

---

MELANCHOLY.

THERE is a charm no joys bestow,  
Nor rank nor wealth impart;  
'Tis when the tear is stealing slow,  
And softly sighs the heart.  
Oft have I watch'd the ev'ning sky,  
When rose the silver bow,  
My bosom heav'd, I knew not why,  
And tears began to flow!  
O then I thought that mirth was folly,  
Thine was the charm, sweet Melancholy.

Ye hearts of stone, who think no bliss  
Can glisten in a tear;  
Who think the love that sighs a kiss  
Insidious and severe;  
Ah! ne'er was turn'd on you, ye cold,  
The dew'd and tender eye!  
The warmest love that e'er was told  
Was breath'd upon a sigh!  
Mirth is deceit, and laughter folly!  
Bliss wafts the sigh of Melancholy!

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TRUTH AND THE MILLER.

A FABLE.

By W. Holloway.

CHILL was the air, and wide around  
Descending snows had cloath'd the  
ground,  
When, shiv'ring at the Miller's gate,  
In tatter'd weeds a Beggar sat.  
The *Man of Meal*, with fluent tongue,  
Could reason well of right and wrong;  
He lov'd his friend, his glass, his joke,  
But us'd *Religion* as a cloak;  
With *Faith* and *Hope* he still was free,  
But never practis'd *Charity*.  
To him the wretch her tale address'd,  
And thus, in piteous strain, express'd:—

“For heaven's sweet sake, kind Sir!

O! spare

One farthing to a widow's pray'r;  
Hard are the times, and little know  
The rich, of poverty and woe:



At home for bread my infants pine,  
And ev'ry racking care is mine !"

" Vagrant, be gone !" the *good man*  
cried—

" And haste thy loathsome form to hide ;  
To honest labour turn thine hand ;  
Forbear thy plaints, and understand,  
That, though thou dar'st at heaven repine,  
'Tis sloth and indolence, like thine,  
With other crimes combin'd, that call  
The chast'ning rod of heaven on *all* ;  
Hence fruitless seasons, harvests drear,  
And all the plagues that blot the year !"

Hespoke—when, lo ! before his eyes—  
As flames thro' smould'ring smoke a-  
rise—

The Suppliant rose, transform'd and  
bright,

A native of the realms of light !  
A sun of splendour grac'd her breast,  
A zealous rage her eye confess'd,  
As thus, with action dignified,  
And awe-commanding voice she cried—

" Detested wretch ! immers'd in gain,  
And harden'd to another's pain,  
Thou dost the attributes abuse  
Of him whose name thou dar'st to use ;  
And, whilst thou pleadest *Virtue's* cause,  
Liv'st the transgressor of her laws !  
No fault is there in Providence,  
On which you found your stale pretence ;  
Nor are your fellow-creatures' crimes  
Sole causes of unhappy times—

*Deep in your breast the evil dwells—*  
There Av'rice lurks in hidden cells ;  
And there the Sorceress plies her art,  
Which turns to adamant the heart.  
In *me* behold thy deadliest foe—  
My name is TRUTH ; and, dæmon !  
know,

The slumberer Conscience I can wake,  
And bid her guilty victims quake.—  
Unless Repentance seize thy soul,  
And make thy wounded spirit whole,  
Her vengeance shall pursue thee down  
To endless pangs in shades unknown !"

---

THE DEATH OF MILCENA.

From Darwin.

PALE are those lips where soft caresses  
hung,  
Wan the warm cheek, and mute the  
tender tongue ;  
Cold rests that feeling heart on Der-  
went's shore,  
And those love-lighted eye-balls roll  
no more.

Here her sad consort, stealing through  
the gloom  
Of murmuring cloisters, gazes on her  
tomb ;  
Hangs in mute anguish o'er the 'scutch-  
eon'd hearse,  
Or graves, with trembling style, the  
votive verse.

Sexton, oh ! lay beneath this sacred  
shrine,  
When time's cold hand shall close my  
aching eyes,  
Oh, gently lay this wearied frame of  
mine  
Where, wrapp'd in night, my lov'd  
Milcena lies.

So shall with purer joy my spirit move  
When the last trumpet thrills the caves  
of death,  
Catch the first whisper of my waking  
love,  
And drink with holy kiss her kindling  
breath.

The spotless fair, with blush ethereal  
warm,  
Shall hail with sweeter smile returning  
day,  
Rise from her marble tomb a brighter  
form,  
And wing on buoyant step her airy way.

Shall bend approv'd, where beckoning  
hosts invite,  
On clouds of silver her adoring knee ;  
Approach with seraphim the throne of  
light,  
And beauty plead with angel tongue  
for me !

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 LEVITIES.

A COUNTRY man having bought a barn in partnership with a neighbour, who neglected to make use of it, plentifully stored his own part with corn, and expostulated with his partner on having laid out his money in so useless a way,—adding, “you had better do *something* with it, as you see I have done.” “As to that, neighbour,” replied the other, “every man has a right to do what he will with his own, and *you* have done so,—but I have made up my mind about my part of the property,—*I shall set it on fire.*”

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A FIELD preacher in one of the provinces, being from the strength of his lungs, and length of his extemporaneous harangues, for some months attended by a more numerous congregation than the parson of the parish, began to think himself the more orthodox man. Fraught with this idea, he one Sunday evening went to the vestry room, waited until the service concluded, and then very rudely attacked the clergyman, telling him that he came to convince him, to confound him, and to convert him by the word! this was followed by the recital of a thousand texts from various parts of the holy scriptures, so combined as to prove whatever he wished; and concluded by “*this is all from the bible, and by the bible I desire to abide.*” Answer

*me by the same book.* The clergyman, being a man of some humour, after hearing him with much patience, very coolly asked this labourer in the vineyard, if he recollected a text in the book of Kings, where it is written, “*Then Achitophel set his house in order, and went and hanged himself.*” “Certainly,” replied the man, “I know it to be scripture.” “Good,” added the divine, “examine the gospel of St. Luke, and you will find it written, *Go and do thou likewise.* This I earnestly recommend, and so farewell.”

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THE son of a celebrated Jew was lately on the point of marrying a young *Christian Lady*. His father made no objection to the intended wife’s religion, but was greatly dissatisfied with the match on account of her small fortune, in consequence of which he refused his consent. The son, who was desperately in love, threatened the father that he would marry her without his consent; and the father in his turn, declared he would not give him a shilling. The young Jew answered he would force him to it; and that if he refused to divide with him his substance, he should get himself baptized to enjoy the benefit of the English law, which assigns and gives a Jew child becoming a Christian, the half of his father’s wealth. *Ephraim* was confounded at this answer; he went to a certain lawyer to know if such a law really existed. The barrister told him, it did exist, and was



in full force ; but, added he, if you have a mind to make me a present of ten guineas, I will put you in a way to frustrate the hopes of your son and the ungrateful rascal will not be able to shew cause to get a single farthing from you. These words spread joy and consolation through the Jew's heart ; he instantly paid down the ten guineas, and begged our Barrister not to keep him in suspense. "No, no, this moment my advice shall direct you what to do in the case," and putting the guineas into his pocket, said, "You need only become a Christian yourself and the law will give nothing to your son."

THERE is a story that a Pope and a Cardinal dying at one time, travelled together as far as the gates of paradise, and his holiness taking his keys from his girdle, began to try to open the door ; sometimes he endeavoured with one key, sometimes with the other, but neither could prevail, they would not fit the wards of that lock. Whereupon his Eminence spoke to this effect ; *Father, you see here is no entrance for us, we have been mistaken in the keys of this place, let us even therefore try at the door of purgatory, and there we may be sure not to fail, for that is a lock of our own making.*

## SELECTIONS.

*From the New-York Commercial Advertiser.*

It has been a subject of controversy, whether intense application of mind tends to shorten life. Opinions on this point are various, and perhaps we may throw light on it by an appeal to facts.

The following list of names has been made from a promiscuous research, and the names and ages of all men distinguished by their intellectual improvements, have been noticed, as they have occurred to the writer.

*Ancient Writers.*

## GREEK.

	Age.	Died before Christ.
Xenophilus. . . . .	169	..
Theophrastus . . . . .	106	.. 288
Xenophanes . . . . .	100	.. 500
Democritus. . . . .	100	..
Isocrates . . . . .	98	.. 338

Thales . . . . .	92	.. 548
Carneades . . . . .	90	..
Pyrrho . . . . .	90	.. 284
Sophocles . . . . .	91	.. 406
Simonides . . . . .	90	.. 468
Zeno . . . . .	97	.. 264
Pythagoras . . . . .	90	.. 510
Hypocrates . . . . .	80	..
Chrysippus . . . . .	83	.. 204
Diogenes . . . . .	88	..
Pherycides . . . . .	85	..
Solon . . . . .	82	.. 558
Periander . . . . .	80	.. 579
Plato . . . . .	81	.. 348
Thucydides . . . . .	80	.. 391
Xenophon . . . . .	89	.. 359
Xenocrates . . . . .	81	.. 314
Polybius . . . . .	81	.. 124
Socrates . . . . .	70	.. 400
Anaxagoras . . . . .	72	.. 428
Euripides . . . . .	76	.. 407
Æschylus . . . . .	70	.. 456
Aristotle . . . . .	63	.. 322
Anaximander . . . . .	64	.. 547
Pindar . . . . .	69	.. 452

*Greek Authors*

Total 30



Died above a hundred . . . . .	4
Above . . . . . 90 . . . . .	8
Ditto . . . . . 80 . . . . .	11
Ditto . . . . . 60 . . . . .	7
Socrates died prematurely by poison.	

*Ancient Writers.*

## ROMAN.

	Age.	Died before Christ.
Varro . . . . .	87	28
Lucian . . . . .	80	
Epictetus . . . . .	73	168
Cicero . . . . .	63	43
[by a violent death.]		
Livy . . . . .	67	A.D. 17
Pliny, the elder . . . . .	56	79
[by a violent death.]		
Pliny, the younger . . . . .	52	113
Ovid . . . . .	59	17
Horace . . . . .	57	
Virgil . . . . .	51	B. C. 19

*Modern Authors on the continent  
of Europe.*

	Died.	Age.
Voltaire . . . . .	1779	85
Swedenbourg . . . . .	1772	83
Bœrhaave . . . . .	1738	70
Galileo . . . . .	1643	76
Scaliger, J. Cæsar . . . . .	1558	74
Scaliger, J. J. . . . .	1609	69
Vossius, J. G. . . . .	1649	72
Vossius, Isaac . . . . .	1683	70
Copernicus . . . . .	1543	71
Grevius . . . . .	1703	71
Gronovius . . . . .	1671	58
Grotius . . . . .	1645	62
Erasmus . . . . .	1536	69
Thuanus . . . . .	1617	64
Spinoza . . . . .	1677	55
Haller . . . . .	1777	69
Kepler . . . . .	1631	60
Puffendorf . . . . .	1693	62
Leibnitz . . . . .	1715	69
Des Cartes . . . . .	1650	54
Tycho Brahe . . . . .	1601	55

Total 21

Above eighty . . . . .	2
Ditto 70 . . . . .	7
Ditto 50 . . . . .	12

*English Authors.*

	Born.	Died.	Age.
Newton	1642	1727	84

Whiston	1667	1762	95
Hoadly	1676	1761	83
Burnet	1635	1725	85
Hobbes	1588	1679	92
Hales	1677	1761	84
Halley	1656	1742	85
Spelman	1561	1641	80
Sloane, Hans	1660	1752	92
Sherlock, B.	1678	1762	84
Bacon, R.	1614	1694	80
Swift	1667	1745	78
Selden	1584	1654	70
Locke	1632	1704	73
Camden	1551	1623	72
Johnson, S.	1709	1784	75
Robertson	1721	1793	72
Hale, M.	1609	1676	67
Bacon, N.	1510	1578	68
Fothergill	1712	1780	68
Bacon, F.	1560	1616	66
Milton	1608	1674	66
Sherlock, W.	1641	1707	66
Sydenham	1624	1689	65
Tillotson	1630	1694	64
Boyle	1627	1691	65
Kennicott	1718	1783	65
Pope	1688	1744	56
Steele	1676	1729	53
Addison	1672	1719	47
Spenser	1553	1599	45

Total 31

Above ninety . . . . .	3
Ditto 80 . . . . .	8
Ditto 70 . . . . .	6
Ditto 45 . . . . .	14

That country is esteemed very healthy, in which fifteen persons to an hundred born, arrive to 70 years of age. Among the eminent Greek authors, 17 of 30 arrived to that age. The fact is almost incredible. But the climate and modes of life practised by the old Greek philosophers, will bring the fact within the compass of belief.

The ages of the Roman writers indicate a less salubrious climate, or more luxurious habits of life, or both.

The ages of the modern wri-



ters far surpass the due proportion. Of 21 authors on the continent, nine reached the age of 70....or almost half....whereas the usual proportion is not more than an eighth, or a seventh at most.

Of 31 English authors, 17, or more than half, died above 70.

These results do not justify the opinion that intense application abridges human life. It is probable, however, that the unusual proportion of learned men who live to a great age, may be in part ascribed to their temperate habits of life....and to an original firmness of constitution. Their great intellectual acquirements, and their old age, may not improbably be the effect of a common cause—the original organization of the body.

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*Mathematical.*

BRIGADE MAJOR LAMBTON, in the British East India Company's service, has completed the measurement, in the East Indies, of an arc of the meridian of the earth, so essential, by a comparison with similar measurements now carrying on in England and Spain and lately executed in Lapland, for determining the exact size and dimensions of the globe. It appears that, by means of a series of triangles, whose angles were determined by a large and very accurate theodolite, lately made by Cary, he found the distance of two stations, north and south of each other, to be 108,777 English miles, and by careful and repeated observation of the stars, at each of the stations, with a zenith sector, made by the late justly

celebrated Ramsden, he found their difference of latitude to be 1,582,342 degrees; from whence he concludes, that one degree on the meridian, or line from North to South, whose middle point is in  $12^{\circ} 32'$ , North latitude is equal to 60,495 English fathoms, 567,628 French toises. From a series of triangles at the same place, in a direction East and West, he finds the length of a degree perpendicular to the meridian, or East and West, to be 61,061 English fathoms, or 572,939 French toises.

The East India Company have liberally determined to have the triangles extended through seven or eight degrees of latitude, for the still more accurate determination of the lengths of degrees in those latitudes; and this is intended to form the basis of a survey of the country, similar to the grand survey of England, carrying on under Major Mudge.

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*Births and Deaths in Russia.*

DURING the year 1803, in the Russian Empire were born 690,385 male children, and 613,486 girls; 688,374 persons of both sexes died during the same year, and the births exceed therefore the deaths by 615,497; 299,037 marriages were concluded.—Among the deaths are mentioned, 2089 individuals between 90 and 95; 1168 between 95 and 100; 360 between 100 and 105; 66 between 105 and 110; 28 between 110 and 115; 13 between 115 and 120; 7 between 120 and 125; 4 between 125 and 130; and 1 near 150 years of age.



*PEAR TREES.*

The following letter from Joseph Cooper, esquire, on the preservation of Pear Trees from blasting, is highly interesting, and will, we doubt not, be found eminently useful.

TRENTON, MARCH 2, 1804

*Friend Wilson,*

As I came from Philadelphia at the commencement of the last sitting of the Legislature, I viewed with sorrow great part of the Pear Trees in sight of the road greatly injured by the blast so destructive to that valuable fruit, and as I have preserved my trees of that kind of fruit from that malady for more than thirty years past, by an accidental discovery, I conceive it my duty to communicate it to the public, through your paper, if you think the relation worth the trouble.

On my plantation was a great number of Pear Trees, which were continually blasting, and the limbs dying, until the greatest part were dead or in a state of decay, except one near the house which had iron of different kinds hung on it, such as old sickles, scythes, hoops, &c. which tree kept entirely free from the aforesaid misfortune: this induced me to try others by hanging any iron, of a proper form for the purpose, such as nail rods, horse shoes, old hoops, or any such as *would be most safe from falling*, on most of the largest limbs, in such manner as not to bind and injure the tree. Since that was done I have not perceived the blast to injure them, and many trees which were previously all dead except the trunk, or nearly so, are now and have been for more than twenty years past in a flour-

ishing condition. The *reasons* I leave to others; but the *fact* is so well proved by near or quite thirty years experience, the labour and expense so trifling, that I earnestly recommend it; and am Your Friend,

JOSEPH COOPER.

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*Manufactures.*

CHARLESTON, APRIL 10.

MR. Peter Eltonhead, lately from Philadelphia, we understand is about erecting a Cotton Manufactory near Canonsburgh, upon the most improved and extensive plan....consisting of carding machines, mules which will draw from 100 to 144 threads to the finest twist....water spinning frames, &c. It is hoped that so important a branch of manufactures will meet with the support and encouragement of the citizens of this country, especially now, when cotton can be purchased at such reduced prices. The advantages that must result to the community from this establishment, must be considerable, as Mr. Eltonhead has had the advantages of seeing and working in the most extensive cotton manufactories in England, and is well acquainted with, and perfect master of, the weaving of counterpanes, blankets, jeans, stripes, thicksetts, dimities, ticking, &c. It is also understood that the people of the country will be supplied with yarn, candlewick, &c. in exchange for cotton. The machine will be in complete operation, in the course of next summer.



## LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Officers of the American Academy  
of Arts and Sciences for 1804.

Hon. JOHN ADAMS, L.L.D. *Pres.*  
Rev. JOSEPH WILLARD, D.D. *V.P.*

Hon. Robert T. Paine,

Hon. Francis Dana,

Hon. Benjamin Lincoln,

Hon. Cotton Tufts,

Hon. Loammi Baldwin,

Rev. John Lathrop, D.D.

Rev. Simeon Howard, D.D.

John Warren, M.D.

Caleb Gannet, Esq.

Samuel Webber, L.L.D.

Hon. John Davis, *Recording Secretary.*

Hon. John Q. Adams, *Corres. Secretary.*

Rev. James Freeman, *Treasurer.*

Dr. William Spooner, *Vice-Treasurer.*

Rev. John Lathrop, D.D. *Librarian  
and Cabinet Keeper.*

Counsellors.

Members elected at the last meeting.

His Excellency Jonathan Trumbull.

Hon. David Humphreys.

Gustavus Paykull, of Upsal in Sweden.

Officers of the Historical Society for  
1804.

Hon. JAMES SULLIVAN, Esq. L.L.D.  
*President.*

Hon. Josiah Quincy, Esq. *Treasurer.*

Rev. John Eliot, D.D. *Cor. Sec'y.*

Rev. James Freeman, *Rec. Sec'y.*

John T. Kirkland, D.D. *Librarian.*

Mr. Samuel Turell, *Cabinet Keeper.*

Hon. James Winthrop,

Hon. William Tudor,

Dr. Redford Webster,

Hon. John Davis,

Rev. William Emerson,

*Committee for Publications.*

Standing Com-  
mittee.

Thomas L. Winthrop, Esq.

Rev. A. Holmes,

Hon. J. Q. Adams,

Rev. T. M. Harris.

The Society for propagating the  
Gospel among the Indians and others  
in North America, held their annual  
meeting in Boston, May 31st, when the  
following officers of that institution  
were chosen, viz.

Hon. JAMES SULLIVAN, *President.*

Hon. OLIVER WENDELL, *Vice-Pres.*

Ebenezer Storer, Esq. *Treasurer.*

Rev. Jedidiah Morse, D.D. *Secretary.*

Rev. Abiel Holmes, *Assistant Secretary.*

Rev. Simeon Howard, D.D.

Rev. John Lathrop, D.D.

Rev. Joseph Eckley, D.D.

William Phillips, Esq.

Mr. Samuel Salisbury,

Rev. Jedidiah Morse, D.D.

Select Com.

The same day the Board of Com-  
missioners of the Society in Scotland,  
for promoting Christian knowledge,  
met and elected the following officers,  
viz.

Hon. OLIVER WENDELL, Esq. *Pres.*

EBENEZER STORER, Esq. *Vice-Pres.*

Rev. Jedidiah Morse, D.D. *Secretary.*

Rev. Simeon Howard, D.D.

Rev. Joseph Eckley, D.D.

Rev. Eliphalet Porter,

William Phillips, Esq.

Rev. Jedidiah Morse, D.D.

Standing  
Com.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

INDEX to the Bible, in which  
the various subjects which occur in  
the scriptures are alphabetically ar-  
ranged, with accurate references to  
all the books of the Old and New  
Testaments. Designed to facilitate  
the study of these invaluable re-  
cords....*Philadelphia. Dobson.*

Such an alphabetical arrangement of  
the subjects of the scriptures, whether  
relating to doctrines, morals, parables,  
history, prophecy and its fulfilment, &c.  
has long been wanted by many sincere  
Christians, whose situation in life does  
not admit of much study, or whose  
memories need such an assistant.

It is hoped this little book will be  
found a very valuable help to the prof-  
itable reading and study of the Sacred  
Scriptures, in which the pious mind will  
perceive *Divine Truth* taught in its pu-  
rity, *not in the words which man's wisdom  
teacheth; comparing spiritual things with  
spiritual.*

Letters on the existence and  
character of the Deity; and on the  
moral state of man. Vol. 2....*Phila-  
delphia. Dobson.*



STATE OF  
FAHRENHEIT'S THERMOMETER.

Observed at 8 o'clock, A. M.—2 and 10, P. M.

	∞	∞	10
May 1	48	63	46
2	49	54	49
3	56	72	54
4	62	70	60
5	60	73	56
6	58	60	55
7	55	72	63
8	60	91	69
9	63	61	54
10	57	66	56
11	54	54	49
12	49	58	48
13	51	68	52
14	60	70	65
15	55	67	48
16	50	51	45
17	50	58	50
18	56	70	63
19	60	76	64
20	64	78	59
21	65	77	65
22	69	78	64
23	62	69	59
24	62	72	58

4 days unnoted.

29	61	68	62
30	64	72	62
31	70	72	67

## BAROMETER.

	∞	∞	10
May 1	29.9	29.8	29.9
2	30	30	30.1
3	30.1	30	29.9
4	29.9	29.9	29.9
5	30	30	30
6	29.9	29.7	29.8
7	29.9	29.9	30
8	30	30.2	30.1
9	30.2	30.2	30.3
10	30.2	30.1	30
11	30	30	30
12	30.1	30	30
13	30	30	29.9
14	29.8	29.7	29.6
15	29.7	29.8	29.9
16	30	29.9	29.9
17	29.8	29.8	29.8
18	29.8	29.7	29.8
19	29.9	29.9	29.9
20	29.9	29.8	29.8
21	29.7	29.6	29.6
22	29.6	29.6	29.6
23	29.8	29.8	29.9

24	30	30	30
4 days unnoted.			
29	30.1	30.1	30.1
30	30	30	29.9
31	92.8	29.8	92.9

## NOTE FROM THE EDITOR.

THROUGH the late change undergone in editing and publishing the Monthly Anthology, its patrons are informed, that the Editor had but a short time to arrange the scarce materials which the former office supplied, and make the selections necessary to complete the 7th number. Of those, who are determined to patronize the publication, he hopes for candour; of those, who are inclined to decide hastily, he asks a temporary suspension of judgment.

From the cause already noted, some communications may have been made, which the present Editor never has seen. He has received an essay on Education from S. S. which shall appear in the Anthology for June, and a piece without signature which is under consideration. He requests the easy writer of the "Pursuit of Happiness," the correct "Studiosus," and the glowing author of the "Collectedanea," to renew and continue their favours. He will indeed gratefully receive and carefully enrol all judicious communications relating to the science or arts of the country; interesting accounts of illustrious characters, especially of such as are American; moral essays; ecclesiastical tracts; poetry; original remarks on new publications; mathematical problems; arithmetical calculations; important commercial notices; political speculations temperately written; meteorological observations; and any thing valuable, which serves to develop the natural, theological, or civil history of Massachusetts, and to enrich the annals of Columbian literature. June, 1804.